Collier's

FICTION NUMBER OCTOBER 1904



By AGNES

VOLUME XXXIV NO 2

OCTOBER 8

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ROM the lion house in Bronx Park to the Statue of Liberty in the Bay there is not a point of interest in the metropolis left unvisited by the people to whom Mr. Hughes shows THE REAL NEW YORK. Before you have finished a chapter you will be as interested in the characters as in the scenes they explore. You will want to read the book through once for the story, again for the information, and then again for sheer enjoyment of its cleverness and humor. Mr. Mayer's drawings are as delightful as the text-more could not be said of them.

THE REAL NEW YORK What a Real New Yorker Thinks

THE SMART SET PUBLISHING Co., New York, N. Y.:

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If there is any subject Mr. Hughes has left untouched, that appeals to the real New Yorker, I cannot now recall it.

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I wish that every homesick New Yorker might know of this book and that every city library might have it on its shelves.

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No less real and true to life are Mr. Hy. Mayer's drawings which appear frequently throughout the book. They show "action" and "life" in every line.

As an old New York newspaper man, I wish every success to this most valuable book. It is worth its weight in gold.

Yours very truly,
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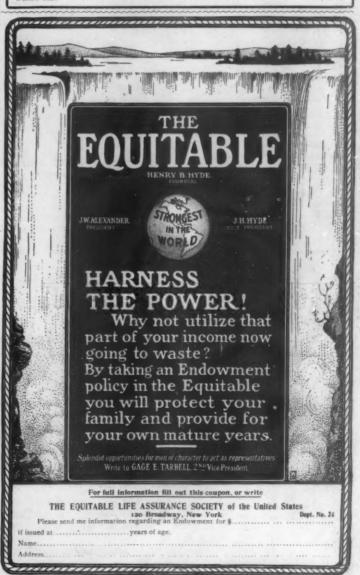


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for my new, handsome, free prospectus of Chicago Highlands. It is a guide to profitable real estate investment—a wonderfully interesting and instructive pamphlet for every man and woman who can and will save \$10 a month-33 cents a day-or more

WISH every reader of Collier's Weekly who is in a position to save \$10 a month, or more, would drop me a postal card so that I may send some very interesting printed matter concerning Chicago Highlands, the new industrial

arb of Chicago. This enterprise, backed by an associaof wealthy New York, Chicago and Milwaukee business men, has interested me more than any other real estate operation which has come to my notice during all of my experience as a real estate broker.

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It is an enormous enterprise, and yet the ideal location of the property for a manufacturing center, the almost unlimited

of the enterprise, and the many powerful influences which are being utilized to bring in large manufacturing enterprises, insure a degree of success which I do not consider possible at any other point on the North American Continent.

I believe that every single investor at Chicago Highlands will make a great deal more profit on his investment than can be made by investing in real estate anywhere else

Years of Careful Planning

The members of the enormously wealthy association back of this enterprise got together about ten years ago and quietly bought up thousands of acres of land at the junction of the Chicago and Northwestern and the Elgin, Joliet and Eastern Railroads. They have held this land for a number of years without any effort at development, waiting for more prosperous times and for the greater development of the city of Chicago itself.

In the meantime, extraordinarily advantageous concessions have been granted by the two railroads and successful negotiations have been carried on with numerous large manufacturers with a view of bringing their plants to Chicago

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For the past year I have been assisting the Chicigo Highlands Association in getting this enterprise in shape for very rapid development.

During that time I have gone over every foot of the ground, I have talked with pretty nearly every man, directly or indirectly interested in the enterprise, I have most thoroughly investigated every single transaction of the Association since its organization, and 1 have studied, with the greatest possible care, every proposed plan for develop-

Address all communications to the home office.



EVERY reader of Collier's Weekly will certainly be interested in the wonderful facts and figures concern-Chicago and Chicago Highlands

which are given in my new prospectus.

Every person who wants to be well informed should read this prospectus and thus store up a little of the wonderful knowledge it contains, even if he has no idea of ever investing in a piece of real

Special Offer

I am offering, exclusively to Collier's Weekly readers, a few of the choicest lots at Chicago Highlands at prices ranging from \$190 to \$310 each. These prices

are net when investors pay in monthly installments of \$10 a month per lot. A discount is allowed for cash. Chicago is the fastest growing city in the world and real estate in and about Chicago is, therefore, the best possible investment.

Many of the facts and figures given in my prospectus are so remarkable that few people would believe them if they were not proven. I will guarantee to prove, to your entire satisfaction, absolutely every statement made in my advertising and in my printed matter.

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For instance, I tell in my prospectus about a lot in an industrial suburb of Chicago (not as well located as Chicago Highlands) which cost \$327, and which increased in value at an average rate of \$965 a year for ten consecutive years. I prove this statement positively by giving the names and addresses of the owners, the exact location of the lot, the names of owners of surrounding property, etc.

Why I Am An Expert

When you consider that I have o fourteen of the principal cities in the United States, and I have agents working for me in more than 2,000 of the smaller towns and cities throughout the country, and that I have been spending more than \$100,000 a year for a number of years in advertising my business, and that as a result of these facilities practically every investment enter-prise that has been launched anywhere in this country durng the past several years has been submitted to me, I think you will concede that I am in a position to know all about the relative merits of different investment enterprises.

I am in a position to know absolutely that there is no

other opportunity for a small investment in real estate at the present time which can compare with this one. Write at once for my special offer to Collier's Weekly

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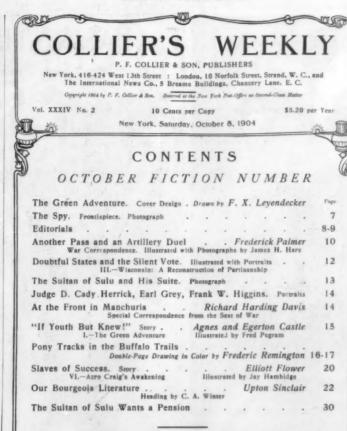
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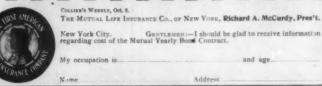


GIBSON NUMBER NEXT WEEK!

Collier's for October 15 will contain a double-page picture and twelve other hitherto unpublished drawings, included in a cover in colors, all by Charles Dana Gibson. This will be the largest collection of Gibson's drawings ever issued together—excepting his annual collection of previously published work. As there will surely be an eager demand for this Gibson Number, those desiring extra copies should not fail to order from their newsdealers in advance.



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PUBLIC OPINION 44 East 23d Street New York



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fine fall riding.

In every endurance, speed, or hill climbing event of any importance pope-Toledo Touring Cars have proven themselves the peer of all, irrespective of weight, price or power.

At the Buffalo races August 12th and 13th, regular stock model, carrying four passengers, won over all competitors, making five miles in 6:40 on a circular track. At Cleveland the next week the regular stock car made five miles with passengers in 5:44.

At the Cleveland meet our regular 24 H. P. car stripped made a mile in 1:07 2-5.

At the Minneapolis races during the week of August 15th our regular stock car won over all competitors, and at Detroit August 26th and 27th Pope-Toledo regular stock models again defeated all competitors. In the great endurance run New York to St. Louis our regular 24 H. P. stock car went through without changing water, without repairs of any kind, and was first to reach all controls.

We have compiled a little booklet con-



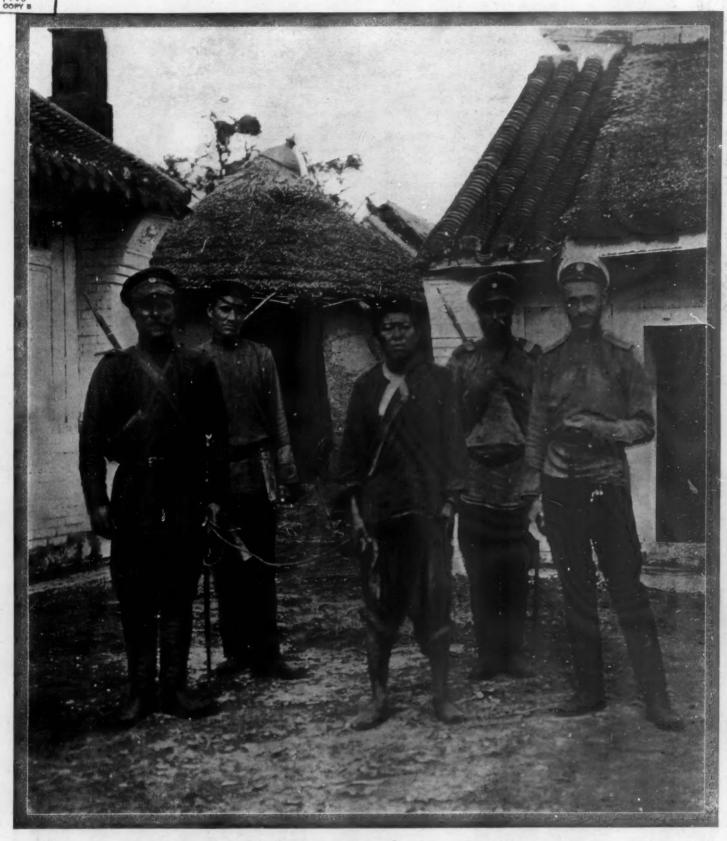
POPE MOTOR CAR CO., 3050 Central Ave., Toledo, Ohio

COLLER'S

TWO GODIES HECEIVED

OCT 5 1904

OCTOBER FICTION NUMBER



THE SPY

Many officers and men of the Japanese intelligence department have gone into the Russian lines disguised as Chinese coolies. In this way they have secured much valuable information, and some of them have even attempted to blow up bridges and railway culverts. It is difficult for the Russians to distinguish between a Japanese and a Chinaman, yet a number of these spies have been detected and shot. This photograph was taken at the Russian headquarters at Shih-mu-cheng, a small town about ten miles east of Haicheng



THE CAMPAIGN DRAGS ALONG as drearily as ever, for The Repubthe simple reason that there are no issues. licans say the Administration has done miraculously well: almost better than could be believed of mere humanity. The Democrats say the Republicans have acted wantonly, malignantly, with crime, stupidity, and slaughter, and that they would come after them as light following darkness. Meantime, as the Democrats are divided on the currency, the trusts, imperialism, and the tariff, nothing is possible except this barking contest between those who are in and those who are out. best that can be said, apart from the Southern question, for the Democratic case, is that victory would do the donkey good and the elephant no harm. "As to parties," writes a Democrat by tradition, "I have until recently felt as you do, that they have ceased being the expression of any principles, that they are merely congregations of men who want offices. I have, however, of late been trying to believe that in the Democratic party THE FINAL level off some of the unequal advantages that have

grown up with our civilization. Just at present that party seems to have gone back to the old abstractions, but it does not follow that success would not be a good thing and a stimulus toward some live work. For myself, I don't believe the Republicans will ever do anything that the great capitalists don't want, and I believe they will do everything that they do want I'm afraid that the President, albeit he has shown in several matters the contrary, is in the end tarred with the same stick as they. Perhaps not, but then why this shilly-shally about reciprocity?" That is as near to enthusiasm as an intelligent Democrat can get in the present situation. We also had hoped, before and during the convention, that the party might so choose its position as to seem to stand for progress in equalizing op portunity by destroying unjust advantage. But when the Western and the Southern Democrats were outwitted by the New Yorkers, all possibility of such a general cleavage vanished. Then it became simply a question of whether Judge PARKER and his friends had given any proof of such superiority to Mr. ROOSEVELT and his friends as would justify turning the Administration out. That is the question that independent voters will decide, calmly enough, on the eighth day of November.

E XAMPLES OF HOW WE GOVERN ourselves are rife at

principle of justice, but because its Senators would be Demo-

cratic. One State is owned by a gas manufacturer and several by the railroads. New York this autumn has given a peculiarly spectacular object lesson in self-government. First came the Re-

publican Convention, supposed to represent the will of about one-

present.

A territory is kept out of statehood not on any

half of the people, and registered instead the will of BENJAMIN Governor, party chairman, incarnation of statesmanship as a mixture of private business and subterranean bar-Then behold the Democrats, with an opportunity to carry the State easily for PARKER by nominating somebody that the free element of the population desired. Had they made sure of the State, on these apparently reasonable terms, and Connecticut would probably have been theirs also, and hope would have put new life into their campaign. Private Democrats everywhere had one flitting hour of expectation. Then down to New York comes DAVID B. HILL, and visits the Dis-"Now look here, Mr. JEROME," trict Attorney. should have said, to represent his attitude fairly, "I said I was to be out of politics January 1. was just to help PARKER by promising not to go into the Cabi-You understand I intend to run this party as a private citizen and you don't get the nomination if you are looking for trouble. See?" EDWARD M. SHEPARD'S name may have aroused the following soliloquy in the breast of the Hon. CARREN: "I own Brooklyn. I had a hard fight with MURPHY, and I won. Do you suppose I am going to allow a goat like SHEPARD to butt in and spoil my snap? Not on your life. With the Brooklyn leadership, the Standard Oil Company, and a few such. I am fairly well, thank you very much." So with all such, I am fairly well, thank you very much." So with all possibilities who represented individual freedom and accomplishment-who were human beings outside the little gang who boss the State as a padrone bosses a hundred ignorant Italians. The people? Oh, the people —... However, what good would swearing do? So up goes the local-boss-Supreme-Court-Judge to offset the ODELL man of business, and there you are. Take your choice and be happy if you can.

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF JUDGE PARKER increases slightly as the weeks pass on. His letter of acceptance was better than his speech. It was an excellent letter, in a negative sense. That is to say, it expressed lucidly and with some decision the points relied upon by the Democrats, without giving new life to any one of them. It should be remembered that the burden of proof is on the opposition, and their task is to make some complaint or promise very real. We ourselves happen to be more Democratic than Republican in our fundamental principles, more in sympathy with JEFFERSON than with HAMILTON, with TILDEN than with BLAINE, with JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS than with THOMAS But as these underlying party principles do not seem to fit anything on which the parties are really convinced to-day, we must advise our readers to ignore them and merely try to decide whether the Judge's speeches, letters, record, and associations make it worth while to substitute him for an administration of which both faults and merits are well known. The impression which the Judge makes upon the country will be improved by his letter of acceptance, but mildly improved. About trusts he certainly has no message to satisfy those who feel the evil to be immediate and great. has a good point on the pension order, and perhaps a fairly popular position when he promises to work for pensions for all living "heroes" of the Civil War-"heroes" presumably including all survivors. On reciprocity he touches a weak spot, and the tariff issue might be a strong one were the GORMAN-WILSON history further away. On extravagance the people have not yet been willing to think very much, and on the Philippine question we

surmise they have not changed the opinion they expressed in 1900.

THE PRESIDENT KNOWS, and we do not, whether he has considered, earnestly, disinterestedly, and with care, the rights and wrongs of his Southern politics, or whether there is some ground for suspecting him of sharing General CLARKSON'S view of the Southern vote. We do not wish to be held responsible for a rumor, in quoting the report that CLARKSON spoke essentially thus in private: "It is not for the benefit of the Republican party to break the solid South. A solid South means a solid North. All we expect of a Southern Republican is that he shall obey orders." Whether General CLARKSON ever put such sentiments into words or not, they harmonize with the principles on which his conduct has been based; and of the many unfortunate acts which Mr. ROOSEVELT's ambition has caused, none is more deplorable than his selection of CLARKSON for a Federal office in order to keep him as general manager of his Southern politics, with Senator Lodge as philosopher and guide in the same large field. The use of Federal patronage to smash the Lily White faction in the South, by distributing it rather to men who controlled delegates to national conventions than to men who were locally acceptable, fits in well with the mere game theory of politics, which is the only side felt or understood by such men as CLARKSON. Not until the President understands that the best view of Southern problems is the view of the best Southerners will he be anything but a dire misfortune for that region.

WHILE THE UNIVERSAL PEACE UNION is much in evi-W dence, and there is talk of another Hague Conference, the war proceeds merrily. The Universal Congress of Lawyers and Jurists gives arbitration a predominant place in its deliberations at St. Louis. There is something hideously comic in the contrast between the talk of universal peace and the daily reports which the cable brings. One element, however, of the brutally grotesque is lacking from the present struggle. often in the past have been waged over trivial misunderstandings, personal insults, and the private ambitions of rulers who controlled nations without representing their welfare. The pettiness of the motives made the slaughter more appalling. This war has at least the dignity of adequate foundations. Russia and Japan both deeply need certain vantage grounds that both can not have. The Interparliamentary Conference suggested intervention, newspapers are constantly suggesting it. One thing should be remembered, however. Intervention may be a merciful method of allowing one or both combatants to make concessions, but it may also be a wicked meddling that causes more trouble in the end, as it was after the defeat of China by Japan. If Russia is ready to give up hope of influence in Manchuria and Korea, then the respective roles of China, Japan,



and the powers in those provinces could probably be arranged; but unless Russia has made up her mind to this, we must look forward to seeing the butchery continued for at least another season. We can at least take the spectacle as we take the inevitability of death, or any dread necessity. Oyama is said to hate war, and to look upon his own leadership in it as a grim mockery. If this is true, his feelings are those of civilization to-day—loathing the coarse and bloody mode of settlement, but seeing that in some circumstances it is still the only way.

THAT APOSTLE OF SIMPLICITY, the Rev. CHARLES WAGNER, has come to America, much, he says, as he might take his gospel to any barbaric land. Privately we have never thought WAGNER a great writer or thinker, although we shall be delighted with any success he may have at Chicago, Pittsburg, Washington, or Oyster Bay. He has mapped out a large programme for himself if he hopes to become, in this country, anything more important than a topic of conversation. Speed is our watchword. One telephone company in the United States has as many instruments in use as the whole of Europe. In killing people on railroads or by automobiles we surpass the universe. As another disciple of simplicity observed, we have many devices for rapid motion by which we save OUR DISTIN much time which we know not how to use. We study how to save time and then we study how to kill it. There happens to be in this country just now nobody divinely gifted for expressing in literature either the strenuous or the simple life. As a matter of literary talent it is a fair combat between the President and Mr. WAGNER. The President is favored by the fact that the mood of the nation is near to his own, but Mr. Wagner is favored by our love of hearing one side when we have heard too much of the other. So let these two champions not avoid the lists by praising each other's works and personalities. Let them tilt at each other on equal Let one roar as softly as the cooing dove, and the other, as soon as the election is over, fill the very heavens with sound and fury. And may the best man win.

KING DAVID ADMITTED that when he accused all men of being liars he spoke in haste. The old English writers made a reservation in favor of two classes. "Children and fooles can not lye," says Heywood, and Lyly admits that "children and fooles speake true." And Byron says:

"And after all, what is a lie? 'Tis but The truth in masquerade."

We recall these lenient reflections for the comfort of Mr. Ware, Commissioner of Pensions, who has had painted, in large black letters, upon the wall of the Bureau's reception-room, "The Lord hates a Liar." There are a great many kinds of lies, from those imaginative falsehoods of which the English sympathy essayist bemoaned the decay down to the precise and mean mendacities which have been irritating Mr. Ware. If the Commissioner's legend will have any effect on the individuals who wait in the reception-room it will do a noble work. It is aimed at those who would lie some dollars per annum out of the public purse into their own. It need displease only those whom it fits, and they will not be few. Mr. Ware has a hard job, requiring a man of iron heart, such as the poet Ironquill claims for himself. We hope he will be able to make the deeds of the Commissioner square with the words of the poet.

THE EXCLUSION OF ALIENS from this country is an exercise which is likely to be attended hereafter with difficulty. The Orientals will in the future be heard from on the subject, and just now the Italians show no inclination to lie quiet under the present American feeling in favor of limiting our import of ignorant Neapolitans. A commission has reported to the executive who has education in charge, recommending the establishment of schools specially designed to prepare the illiterate to pass the American examination. The report says that the present agitation in the United States for a stricter law is caused by what it calls the Labor Party, which it apparently deems one of the regular large organizations. Emigration, it says, is necessary to the welfare of Italy, and it is on this plea that the Government is asked to provide money for meeting the expected new American law. If an illiteracy clause had been inserted in the last immigration act, the num-

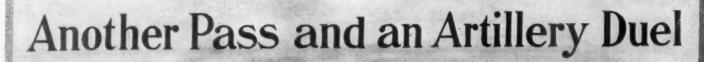
ber of Italians admitted would have been reduced one-half. Great Britain also is facing an immigration problem. Many alien male workers in England are trying to support a wife and family on less than two dollars a week, and alien women seek work at twenty-five cents a week and sleeping room. Like our own immigrants, they flock to cities, and are reported to have crowded the native working population from one hundred and seven streets in six years in a single East End borough. England can not escape the difficulty by distribution, as we might do for some time yet: Our Commissioner-General of Education has reopened the question of providing buildings at immigrant stations for othe use of States which wish to attract settlers. By distributing alluring information they might produce considerable results, as the Canadian Government did when it advertised. Some such device as this might postpone the passage of a more stringent law.

REPORTS FROM THE ISTHMUS are not harmonious in detail, but they agree in making it a questionable place for Americans to reside. Consul-General GUDGER thinks it probable that the forests are valuable in woods and the hills in minerals, but the exploitation of these resources is not to be an easy matter. In 31,500 square miles there are not twenty-five miles riage roads. In mountains and swamps Indians are still wild. Living is high and the death rate is high also. Steps are being taken to improve the country both in a business and in a hygienic sense. Bridges, roads, courts, and schools are to be built, and Colonel Gorgas, who did so much for Havana, believes that modern methods will make Colon and Panama as healthy as most places in the United States. Minister BARRETT's view is a rather gloomy one, on the side of business opportunity, but he thinks the unhealthy aspect has been much exaggerated. The Isthmus has a great interest, at present, for adventurous spirits, who look forward to enormous progress in every way as soon as the canal is begun. to be a good deal of a gamble. Mr. BARRETT advises no skilled workmen to go there without assurance of sufficient work. What the region is going to become within a few years will doubtless depend a good deal upon the kind of labor employed in the actual digging, and that far-reaching question is thus far undecided. That it will not be Chinese is a safe prophecy. it will be Americans, negroes, or Italians will be determined largely by the attitude taken toward the project by labor itself. That attitude seems slow to find expression. FRENCH PRUNES are always rated higher on hotel cards than

mere prunes are, without the Gallic origin. Lately an Ameri-

can consul has reported that the French are inoculating prunes

imported from this country and shipping them back with a new label, to be sold at fancy prices. Our own experience has been that the large and soft prunes were always called French, and the small and hard ones, such as one is given for dessert at supper in a boarding-house, or acquires at cut rates in a restaurant, were assumed, by lack of designation, to be the native article, an exception being made, to some extent, in favor of California. Thus America, the home and only true appreciator of the prune, receives from it more obloquy than fame. And now a man of science in Budapest pretends to have discovered that the prunes which we export to Austria and Hungary contain twelve per cent of glycerine, to swell them to the eye and increase their importance on the scales. The careful Austrian Government is said to have issued an official PRUP warning against our prunes, although we shall not believe this until we are compelled to do so, and then shall consider the propriety of bringing the subject to the attention of Mr. HAY. For the prune we confess to a special fondness, Its association with the boarding-house casts no infamy on the prune, but rather constitutes a ray of light in boarding as a mode of life. Like baked apples and rhubarb, the prune shines properly at breakfast. To some persons the wholesome is un-To the wise nothing is so attractive as the simple, the nourishing, and the innocent. FALSTAFF used the fruit as a term of reproach. It is the only thing we have against FAL-STAFF, and he probably got the prejudice from his friend Doll. TEARSHEET, who treated the fruit with insolence. The prune is one of Nature's most estimable arrangements. Salubrious to man, rational in price, and associated with our national history, it is a dish for which every true American should nourish emotions of fidelity and pride.





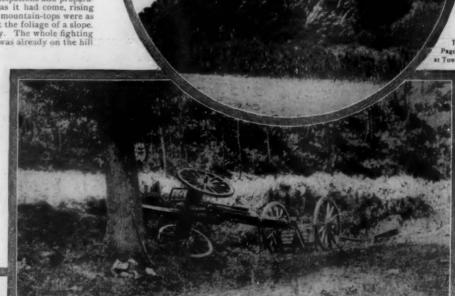
By FREDERICK PALMER

Collier's War Correspondent with the Japanese First Army

TTHREE in the morning of July 31 all baggage, and even all correspondents and attachés, forsook the little town of Lienshankwan, whose hospitality the Japanese had held with martial courtesy for more than a month, leaving less flies behind than they found when the Russians evacuated it. On the 4th and the 17th, when our positions were attacked, the unexpected sound of firing had taken us over the pass. This time the engagement came as no surprise. Since the orders of the afternoon it had, become a set event like target practice. From the summit of Motien we saw the first glow of light in the east. A thick mist had preceded it—a mist that might save infantry approaching a position hundreds of lives, and hold gunners in the awful leash of blindness at the hour toward which all their anticipations and preparations had been directed. But the mist went as quickly as it had come, rising swiftly as if to salute the dawn of a summer's day, when mountain-tops were as clear against the sky-line as the houses of a village against the foliage of a slope.

On the ride out we passed no guns or hastening infantry. The whole fighting army was on the other side of the pass. General Kuroki was already on the hill back of the new temple (which with the surrounding country I have described at length in previous articles). That thatch of tree branches which an infantry outpost had erected now sheltered the mind of the movement, who kept cool literally as well as metaphorically. What chess player would not? On this hill, with his chief of staff did the talking; the other listened and now and then gave an order.

From the left with the first streaks of light between the speeches of the guns came the drum-drum of infantry fire—but first to the simple outline of the day's problem! We held the higher of the two ranges of the divide, and the lower, the second, was our object. The taking of Yushu Pass, which commands the Liao-Yang road, was the work of the central and the left divisions. The right and the central divisions were to advance



The Russian gun that rolled down the hill and was abandoned

which he occupied on the 17th—valueless for guns and infantry and highly useful for attaches and correspondents who would see the action as a whole. This conical hill was one of the heights which form the reach between the two ranges where there are sugar loaves, turtle backs, camels' humps, with ridges twisting in unexpected directions—a terrain like that of a loose cloth wrinkled with the hands till there was no set characteristic except that of irregularity.

At our feet lay the valley where some glacier once made a track for freshets to wear down, and at its end gleamed the tantalizing white base of the pagoda tower of Towan. For a month that landmark of our desire had tempted our eyes, and to-day we were to have it or know the reason why. Towan lies at the junction of valleys, as well as at the gap that the old Peking road follows in its final passage after its long route in the shadow of mountains into the plain. By the roads in the low places dwell the communes who plaster the slopes with the green squares of their tillage. Now, the force which follows a valley becomes a target for surprises and plunging fire. Except under the cover of darkness, the attacking force could not use the Towan Valley as a channel for bringing up its reserves. The Kansuiten Valley, running north and south and crossing that of Towan in front of the tower, stood between Kuroki and the enemy as the Yalu had at Chiu-

The Russian battery position at Towan: The dead horses belonged to the gun that rolled down the bill

The battery of A field tele graph station

After the battle: Cleaning the Japanese guns which fought hi den in the high corn

Lien-Cheng. The Russian defences, with guns in front and guns on the sides, a vast rise of mountainous heights, was as threatening as the bow view of a battleship, the white base of the pagoda being the bone in its teeth. On the right the angle was sharp in view of the gentler slopes which led up to the eminences almost on a line with the Peking road, which was the centre of the Russian position. Obviously the way to take this was with pressure of infantry on both sides if evacuation alone was desired; on one side if a "bag" was desired. The first way was tried, then the second way wa called into assistance; and the manner of this, as I observed it, makes my story.

Morning found the batteries of our central division in position and their troops lining the ridges. It was not yet their turn. If the division on the left was hidden from us as a body, we could at least see some of its chips fly. The crack of its guns and the bursting of its shells we heard as cries and their echoes. We located the first Russian battery to attract our attention by the burst of shrapnel smoke which it drew. Here in a saddle between two crests the gun positions had been cut out of limestone rock, three or four hundred feet above the level of the plain. As the ugly blue curls of smoke shot out and vanished into thin vapors others came to take their place, and underneath them flashed the answers like the mirrors of a heliograph in a burning sun. The

blue bursts were three to one against the flashes, which came slower and slower and then stopped. But still the thunders kept up. We had seen only one Russian battery. Scanning the heights for a glimpse, on the very sky-line one caught one, two, three, four malicious, hellish points of flame. Splendid was their message to any observing gunner to whom they bespoke the apotheosis of his art. In a breath they told of arduous weeks of preparation for our coming.

There was a miracle of the spade—the effort that had carried an artillery road in old, old China to that altitude! In the lap between two cones and on the crest of one of them, snug as eaglets in their nests, these metal mouths were vomiting death to objects six or seven thousand yards away. No shrapnel bursts went that high. Here were gunners coully at target practice, while their comrades in the saddle below took the revenge the enemy returned. Japanese skill in gunnery could not overcome the altitude or the obstacles which armories turn out and money can buy.

I had waited in this war for some concrete il-

obstacles which armories turn out and money can buy.

I had waited in this war for some concrete illustration of the superiority of the Russian guns. Now, it was emphasized as plainly as the speeds of a forty-horsepower automobile and a light runabout. (The authors of profound exclamation about the amazing feats of the Japanese artillery which have been going the rounds for months must have never looked in books, or confounded guns with gunnery.) (Continued on page 27.)



DOUBTFUL STATES

SILENT VOTE



This is one of a series of articles to appear each week prior to the National election. The purpose of the writer is to forecast the direction of the silent vote and to present the local phases likely to influence the doubtful States. The estimate on Indiana appeared in the issue of September 24, Illinois, October 1. The succeeding articles will deal with Missouri, Kentucky, West Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware

III.—WISCONSIN: A RECONSTRUCTION OF PARTISANSHIP

NE might travel about Wisconsin for a month talking with all classes of citizens and yet never know that this fail the United States elects a Fresident. Apathy is not the explanation. That is an unknown quality here. But the people of the State are so absorbed in their own fight for the Governorship and for certain principles of government, that they have no interest in anything beyond their borders. To invite their consideration of National issues is to provoke impatience; well-meaning but ill-fated campaign orators from the outside world will probably learn this at some injury to their feelings later on. The Wisconsin voter doesn't care much whether Roosevelt or Parker is elected President; his concern is with the question, Can La Follette beat the field?*

Ask a La Follette man what the issue is, and he will reply: "The railroads against La Follette." Seek a definition from the opposition and you will be informed: "We're trying to get the State out of the control of Bob La Follette." Both statements are true. The railroads, which in this State have always led the fight of the business interests for the control of politics, are against the present Governor and are using every means to get the reins out of his hands. They have not liked him since in 1900 they summoned him, as a candidate for nomination, before their representatives to answer the crucial question. "Are you going to be fair?" (It is the custom here for the railroads to catechise all prospective candidates for the Governorship before the candidacy is approved.) Mr. La Follette said that he would be fair. He added, gratuitously, that he purposed to be just as fair in his attitude toward the railroad companies as toward any and all other interests in the commonwealth. This, one might suppose, was definite enough. But there seems to have been a truly regrettable misunderstanding of the meaning of "fair. When Mr. La Follette, having been elected with the, aid of the railroads, advocated measures to compel a proper tax on their property they set up a

spring it soon appeared that Governor La Follette was in control. Upon the decision of certain contests depended his ability to secure delegates enough to nominate him. His committee decided the contests in his favor, whereupon the Stalwarts bolted and held a minority convention. The Wisconsin Federal officeholders, led by Senator John C. Spooner, Postmaster-General Henry C. Payne, Congressman J. W. Babcock, and Senator J. V. Quarles, had hitherto controlled the anti-La Follette branch, and they had freely manipulated it in pursuance of their political designs. Now they were rudely awakened to the dismal realization that the control had passed from them to a group of men more directly representing those business interests which are intertwined with politics—Charles C. Pfister, the street railroad man, E. C. Philipp, who stands for both brewing and railroad interests, and others of that alliance. The "Federal bunch" advised against the bolt as being unwise and dangerous to the party. A committee from the business element called on Senator Spooner, who was reckoned to be the easiest subject for coercion. Whatever his reputation as a statesman in Washington, Senator Spooner is universally regarded in his own State as the timidest politician that ever dodged an issue. Dodging was out of the question here, however. He was cornered. He tried to parley, but the spokesman cut him short.

"Look here, John Spooner," said he, "you've got to face the music this time. This bolt is going through, with you or without you. You can get aboard. Or you can stay at home. But understand this; if you don't stand for us now you fight La Follette alone hereafter. No help from us. And what will he do to you? What will he do to you?" The spokesman poked a stubby finger in the direction of Senator Spooner's wrinkled forehead. "Why, he'll eat you!"

Senator Spooner joined the bolters, taking with him Payne, Babcock, Quarles, and the lesser Federal lights. When the senior Senator entered the bolting convention, an old farmer who had served

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE Who was twice elected Governor and is the Republicar candidate for a third term. Since he first held office he has triumphed over the dictators of the State machine

councils half rose from his seat, stared up into the exleader's white face, and exclaimed so audibly that a ripple went through the hall: "Well, by glory! Who'd 'a thought it!" And outside, one of the best known of the lobbyists boasted in drunken exultation, before a gaping crowd: "If this bolt never accomplishes another thing, it's done one good job. We've smoked John Spooner out of his hole into the open."

So, when Cook was nominated by the bolting convention, Senator Spooner "went to the front" for him before the National Committee, in the contest between the La Follette men and the Stalwarts as to which should bear the coveted title of "regular." As every one expected, the National Committee was swung by the "Federal bunch" and decided in favor of Cook. In New York, Pennsylvania, or any of the meek and well-disciplined States of full party domination, that would have ended it. Wisconsin is different. Independence is stronger than party regularity here.

La Follette announced that he would remain in the field and fight. Eleven of the thirteen Presidential

electors decided (as they have a right to do by statute) that they would go on the La Pollette ballot and no other. Here was food for thought on the part of the National Committee and of President Roosevelt. With a split electoral ticker a sate State might become any the state of the state

* To instance the lack of interest among the mass of Wisconsin peo-le regarding the National ticket, the typewriter to whom I dictated ins article spelled all the Wisconsin names without error, but through-sut the copy the President's name appeared as "Rosefelt," and when first mentioned Mr. Parker I was halted with the query, "What was



SAMUEL A. COOK The Stalwart candidate for Governor, who received his nomination by an unofficial conclave composed of a bolting minority of the regular Republican Delegates

The Stalwart candidate for Governor, who received his anomination by an unofficial conclave composed of a boiling minority of the regular Republican Delegates

"If the court decides against us," said one of the La Follette leaders to me, "we've got to get Democratic votes to offset the Republican votes we shall lose through our loss of regularity. And we're going out to get them. We can't get them by talking for Roosevelt, can we? No, and you won't hear any Roosevelt talk from us. Every little postmaster that Roosevelt talk from us. Every little postmaster that Roosevelt has appointed has been working against us anyway. And, I tell you, if the National Committee send their speakers in here to attack our ticket there will be a tidal wave that will swamp the Republican national ticket and elect La Follette with Democratic votes."

But it is regarded as more probable that the Supreme Court's finding will be for La Follette, or that a ruling of no jurisdiction will be handed down. In the former event Cook will withdraw. The extreme Stalwarts are in favor of appointing another nominee, but the "Federal bunch," in the interests of the national ticket, will exert their utmost efforts to prevent this. Whether or not another man is put up there is a considerable element in the Stalwart group which, taking as their motto "Anything to beat La Follette," will throw their votes to Peck. If by adding to the Democratic vote they succeed in beating La Follette, the Republican national ticket may well be swamped in the backwash. Even though La Follette carry the State, it may well be that Parker will still get the electoral vote. Whatever happens there is going to be a big silent vote in Wisconsin this fall; silent, as cold steel is silent. Democrats will cut Parker. In any combination of events the odds are on La Follette to carry the State. Should he win the Governorship for the third time, Robert La Follette will be one of the most interesting. He is physically small; not more than five feet six. "Little Bob" his friends cal

a party man like Senator Lodge to hysterics. For what does he do in Missouri but tell an amazed audience that if he lived in their State he would vote for Joe Folk—a Democrat! And in his speeches at home he incites his hearers to the treason of voting against certain Republicans running on the ticket with him, simply because they happen to be dishonest. Naturally this scandalizes the Stalwarts and they make what capital they can out of it.

hearers to the treason of voting against certain Republicans running on the ticket with him, simply because they happen to be dishonest. Naturally this scandalizes the Stalwarts and they make what capital they can out of it.

But if La Follette is not a thorough-going Republican, he is at least a thorough-going politician, "the most thorough-going politician in Wisconsin." I use here the words of his enemies. In a sort of horrified bitterness they cry out that the Governor pretends to be honestly for the people and against special privilege—and yet he's a politician from top to toe! It is true. For political technique of the highest order, for perfection of machinery, for getting men and holding men, for all that constitutes organization, he commands an ability which makes such veterans of the game as Payne, Spooner, Babcock, and Vilas look like the merest novices. There are hundreds of instances to show his generalship, of which this one may stand as typical. Last spring the Stalwart Republicans made an underground campaign in the northwestern counties, which were supposed to be safely for the Governor. So skilfully was it done that not until the day before the caucuses did the alarm reach him.

"Come up here quick, two of our counties going against us!"

"Little Bob" packed up a grip and caught the rear platform of the last car'of a train. He went through the populace of those counties like a magnet through iron filings. Here it was a brief speech, there a little informal talk, and everywhere a handshake and a few earnest words. The caucuses went for La Follette in both, and the news reached the Stalwarts while they were congratulating themselves on having stolen a march on "Little Bob."

If I were put to it for an explanation of his power, I should ascribe it primarily to his personal magnetism. Since the days of James G. Blaine there has been none in American politics who bound men to him as does this little Northwesterner.

"When he puts his hand on your knee and turns loose that voice on you," said a desp



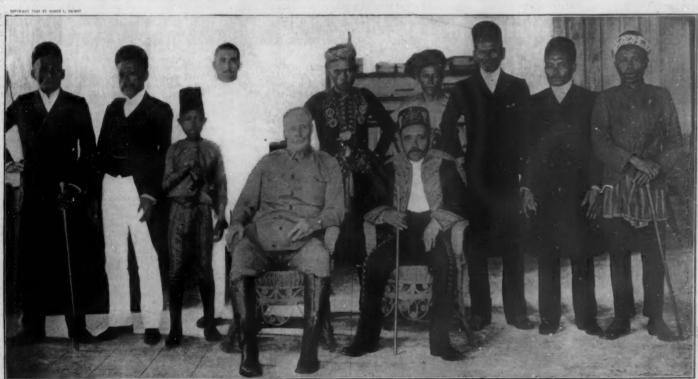
GEORGE W. PECK Famous as the author of "Peck's Bad Boy." Ex-Mayor of Milwaukee and twice elected Governor of the State. He is the Democratic candidate for a third gubernatorial term

Milwake and relice elected Governor of the State. He is the Democratic candidate for a third gubernatorial term

Governor La Pollette's administration has not been one unspotted record of noble achievement, as his friends would have one believe; nor has it been a hypocritical show of good government, as his enemies charge. On the whole, he has tried to fulfil his promises, whether those promises were made to the people or to the politicians; and most of the important ones have been made to the people. Machine politics—do not forget that "Little Bob's" organization is a very perfect machine—does not result in a very perfect administration. Mistakes there have been, not a few of them; some bad appointments mark the payment of organization debts; there have been scandals in the Governor's official family, and an occasional outbreak of "graft." And the Governor himself has been autocratic and—his enemies say—ambitious. It may be true that he is selfish, and one might even be brought to believe that he has cruelly befooled those ingenuous and simpleminded political infants, the railroad companies. But it is also true that he is the slave of no special interests; that he is fanatically single-minded in the carrying out of issues to which he pledges himself, and that he takes no graft. You will hear in Wisconsin hints and innuendoes and even charges, connecting La Follette with graft. They dissolve on investigation. Against them I will set the exact words of one of the biggest railroad men of the State: "I'm as solid an enemy as Bob La Follette has got. Politically, I believe he will do anything. But the man who says that he isn't personally straight is a fool or a liar."

Finally, La Follette is a poor man.

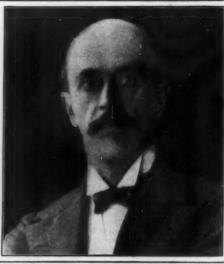
If there were no Republican factional fight on, Wisconsin would go heavily for Roosevelt, for he is very popular here, particulatly with the Germans, while Parker is little more than a name, which the Bryan Democrats associate with other names, none too savory in their nostrils. But with the utter indifference to



Muhamad Jamalul Kiram, Sultan of Sulu, and his suite, with Major Hugh L. Scott, U.S.A., Governor of the Sulu District, on his visit to Manila. (See page 30.)



JUDGE D. CADY HERRICK



EARL GREY Former Administrator of Rhodesia, about to succeed the Earl of Minto as Governor-General of Canada



FRANK WAYLAND HIGGINS

AT THE FRONT IN MANCHURIA

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Collier's War Correspondent with the Second Japanese Army

The censorship would not allow Mr. Davis to give the name of the town from which he sent this letter on August 17, but it is apparent that he is writing from some Manchurian village between Dalny and Haicheng. Mr. Davis joined General Nodzu's army and was present at the battle of Liao-Yang. As this battle was fought less than two weeks after the present letter was written, it is probable that we shall receive in about two or three weeks Mr. Davis's account of what he saw of the greatest battle of modern times



OR the last twelve days we have been riding through Manchuria in pursuit of an army. Last week the army halted to dislodge a force of Russians and so gave us time to catch up with it. To-day, with the foreign attachés, we are again temporarily bottled up, this time inside the mud walls of an ancient Chinese city, while outside two great armies are maneuvring for position. When they meet, it is expected that the battle to follow will, in the numbers of men engaged and in the consequences, be the greatest in importance since Sedan. During the four wasted months we were in jail in Tokio they assured us, as a reward for our patience, that we should see the fall of Port Arthur. But when the transport landed us and our horses so near Port Arthur that in a few hours we could have reached it on foot, we were told we were not to enter that promised land, but to start instantly on a ten days' ride to the north. There was no explanation, no expression of regret. And to make it harder, as we rode away into the peaceful cornfields of Manchuria, for two whole days we heard behind us, as they hammered Port Arthur, the mocking laughter of the Japanese guns. It was the culmination of four months of constant disappointments, and, perhaps, the most difficult.

The extent of our marches was determined for us by the army, and each day we were instructed to ride "as previously arranged" from one fixed point to another. But even the foresight and the capacity for arranging details of the Japanese officer con'd not bring eighteen men, ignorant of the languages of both Japan and China, and riding eighteen different kinds of horses, ponies, and mules, to a given point at a given time. Especially when each town has a Chinese name, a Japanese name, and an English name; each bearing to the other as slight a family resemblance as does the family of Smith to Jones, and Jones to Robinson. In consequence, our capacity for getting lost made us a care to ourselves and a cause of unecasing astonishment to the officials. It really seemed as though

The Houses of Manchu

As a rule, her people received us well, by day with great curiosity and by might with many misgivings. On the several nights the Japanese billeted us upon them, they accepted our invasion of their privacy with resignation. The arrangement of the Chinese houses resignation. The arrangement of the Chinese houses makes for privacy. They do not open upon the street, if there happens to be a street, but upon an inclosed

yard, like a Central American patio, or, as it is here called, the compound. In the towns the shops face the street with an exit for the shopkeeper in to his compound; the living rooms, kitchens, and stables forming the three other sides. In the villages the road is faced by the compound wall and a gate which is the only entrance. And so, as in the towns the shops are closed at sunset and as in the villages the gates are barred at the same hour, when you enter a Manchurian village or city after that time, you are as completely shut out from the life of the inhabitants as though you still were hammering at the outer gates. These gates are picturesque, fortified watch towers set facing each point of the compass, and joined together by a great mud wall, fortified or decorated, with jagged, rectangular teeth. In the city from which I now write the wall is ten feet broad and thirty feet high. On these hot days it successfully prevents any breeze from entering the city, and allows not one of the guilty odors with which it reeks to escape.

city, and allows not one of the guilty odors with which it reeks to escape.

Inside the city wall the houses are of one story of bricks and mud with tiled roofs, ornamental roof trees, and paper latticed windows. In those of the better class there is much carved paneling, stained a dark cherry to imitate mahogany, and along the wall of each room is reared a platform covered with mats on which the immates sit, and eat and sleep. High tables and chairs, as high as those in a billiard-room, are the only furniture. Outside from the compound the guilty odors rise in their might and unheeded invade the living rooms. For the Manchurian is not afraid of germs. He defies germs, and fortifies his house against devils. of germs. He against devils.

Security from Devils

And I feel safe in saying that no other houses in the world are better protected against devils than those in which we now are billeted. We feel so secure that we sleep without giving them a thought. In the first place, as everybody knows, a devil must move in a straight line. And so inside the gate of the compound our hosts have erected a wall a few feet larger than the gate. The advantage of this is that, on entering, in order to avoid the wall, you must make a sharp turn, and as the devil can not make a turn he finds himself outwitted and outside. It is a simple device, and yet how effective! There is also a second line of defence outside the house itself. It consists of two highly colored pictures of two fat gentlemen with ferocious expressions of countenance. These pictures are pasted on the panel of every house in Manchuria. They frighten the devils terribly. And, as though they were not a host in themselves, in the woodwork around the doors are carved mischievous grinning bats, and bats are the one thing a devil can not abide. But should he overcome his repugnance to bats, and brave the fat gentlemen, he never can hope to escape the human eyes painted on the buttend of each jutting roof beam. There are sometimes fifty of these glaring into each compound, like the advertisements of the oculists. Should the devil make his way into the compound he is at once spied out and transfixed by these accusing, unwinking, convicting eyes. They never sleep, and as a result one feels just as safe here as he would on Broadway. Our compound, at least, is absolutely devil proof.

Manchuria itself, as we saw it during our trek, was a land smiling with content, a valley of brilliant green hills, and of many waterways fringed with tall dark trees, of plains covered for, not mere acres, but for miles

and miles, with waving corn and millet. By day and by night through this valley of peace and plenty an endless belt of freight cars pulled by Chinese coolies, of army transport wagons drawn by vicious, red-eyed Japanese stallions, of Peking carts with iron-studded wheels dragged by mules, ponies, and oxen, carried forward thousands of tons of rations, fodder, and ammunition to fill the insatiable maw of the great army is advance.

The Endless Transport Train

The Endless Transport Train

This procession was the impressive feature of our journey. While ahead of us battlefields were in the making, and we were contenting ourselves with postmortem inspections of others but three months old, this actual sign of war which was ever present spoke more eloquently of what the problems and triumphs of war really are than did even the trenches and bomb-proofs of Nanshan and Te-lis-zu. Transport and commissariat are not the factors of warfare that attract the artist or writer, or, for that matter, the reader. One does not go to the circus to watch the performers eat, or to learn how the tents are moved to the next town. And to the average man war means artillery duels, infantry charges, and pursuing wedges of cavalry. For so long in his well-regulated life has he sat down each day to his three meals that he thinks they come of themselves like the flowers that bloom in the spring. He is like the man who, having for each night of twenty years wound up his watch, accused it of ingratitude because after the one night he had forgotten to wind it, it refused to go. You might suppose that the soldier who for thirty years has been well fed, would for only one day rest content without his rations. But, like the watch, if he is not wound up, he will not go. And so while general officers are leading him to battle, other officers, less conspicuous, less in the public prints, but displaying even greater executive, are stoking him, clothing him, and reloading his rifle. The army now outside the walls of this city extends over an area of, let us say, five miles, but behind it, stretching like a tail to a kite, is an unbroken column of rice, cartridges, clothing, blankets, and it extends for one hundred and sixty miles. And behind the one hundred and sixty miles, for five hundred miles more loaded transports are coming, with the regularity of ferryboats in the East River, bringing with them more rations, more ammunition. As our trail followed the railroad, this moving caravan was ever before ou

cers who, unsung and unphoto-graphed, feed the men who fight.



"IF YOUTH BUT KNEW!

A Series of Six Tales of Love and Adventure, Laid in Westphalia in the Days of King Jerome

By AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

Authors of "Incomparable Bellairs," "The Pride of Jennico," "The Bath Comedy," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A COVER DESIGN BY F. X. LEYENDECKER AND SKETCHES BY FRED PEGRAM

I.-THE GREEN ADVENTURE

THE traveler sat upon the milestone just where the road skirting the brow of the hill branched off into the forest. At his feet lay the detached wheel; further away, in undignified attitude, the remainder of the chaise itself. A stout bay, unconscious of as handsome a pair of broken knees as ever horse displayed, was tethered to a crooked stump of tree, browsing all the young grass and crinkled leaves within reach. The situation spoke for itself; and the young traveler's handsome face spoke for the situation as eloquently as Nature, who had bestowed upon him a markedly disdainful and impassive set of features, would permit.

markedly disdainful and impassive set of would permit.

Behind him rose the cool gloom of the forest. Below lay the plain, gold-powdered with the level rays of the sinking sun. Between the edge of the road and the forest margin ran a noisy stream. A thrush sang on the topmost branch of a fir-tree. But he on the milestone was blind to the gold of the valley, deaf to the gold of the song: "Now here's a pretty kettle of fish," was all his thought.

topmost branch of a fir-tree. But he on the milestone was blind to the gold of the valley, deaf to the gold of the song: "Now here's a pretty kettle of fish," was all his thought.

To have been stuck a whole hour upon a stone with a postilion ranging the country on horseback in one direction, and a valet afoot in the other, and no help as yet forthcoming, not to have had himself within hail all those weary minutes one single human being. . . . !

Between intervals of drowsiness he cursed the peaceful valley land with its fair fields and orchards as the most God-forsaken of countries.

Presently his moody eye quickened; on the road below a moving object was approaching. "Twas but a pedestrian, alas! Nevertheless, he might prove of use for succor or advice.

But as the oncomer drew nearer and began to foot the ascent, the glimmer of hope died in the discontented gentleman's heart. Here was no sturdy native, likely guide to smithy or village inn. "Twas a mere ambulant musician, as strange, doubtless, to the country as himself. The sun-rays were even now glinting back, roseate from the varnish of a fiddle. The traveler relapsed into moodiness.

At the steep curve of the hillside,

of a fiddle. The traveler relapsed into moodiness.

At the steep curve of the hillside, man and fiddle vanished from view. Nevertheless, that he was still climbing, the advance in interrupted measure of a singular little tune, half sourdine, half pizzicato, soon proclaimed. It seemed at first so woven in with the babble of the brook, the deep choiring of the forest, and the song of the thrush that the young man on the milestone hardly realized its separate existence. But, as it hovered ever closer, he was forced to listen and even to follow.

It was the very song of the rover.

even to follow.

It was the very song of the rover. Of the rover on foot, humble and yet proud, without a penny, without a bond, glad of the free water to drink and the hunk of bread by the roadside. A song of the nodding grass, the bird in the hedge, the dancing leaf, the circling lark, of the wide, kind skies. Oh, the road is full of gay things and tender things, of sweetness and refreshment, of wholesome fatigue and glorious sleep, for those that know its secrets.

ment, of wholesome fatigue and glorious sleep, for those that know its secrets.

"Good-evening to you, young sir."

The little tune had stopped. A man's figure, exaggeratedly thin, black against the sunset, had emerged suddenly over the brow of the hill, and with a wide sweep was saluting.

The gesture of the black silhouette seemed so courtly, the voice that came from it so refined, that the young gentleman almost rose to return the salutation, but in time he caught sight of the violin curves. . . Pooh, it was the fiddling vagabond! Ashamed of his impulse, he drew forth a florin and flung it on the ground.

The musician skipped nimbly on one side; the coin fell, flashing in the red sun-shafts. He looked from it to the imperious donor and smiled, and his teeth, such a row of them, shone as white as a wolf's in the deep tan of his face. Then off went his battered hat again, and out was stretched a sinewy leg, in dusty blue stocking, to accompany a bow such as twenty years ago might have raised the envy of your finest Versailles Marquis.

"I greet you! I salute you, my young lord!" The fiddler rose from his inclination and burst out laugh-

ing. "Cease fondling those pistols in your pocket, worthy sir," cried he, "for, by Calliope, 'tis not your money-bags I covet just now, but oh, your golden

"The fellow has a wild eye," thought the gentleman.

Now it is a question whether even a highway robber were not more agreeable to encounter on a lonely road

were not more agreeable to encounter on a lonely road than a madman.

"If it be madness to honor in you such a gift of the gods," said the singular vagrant, reading the thought, "then am I mad, sir, stark, staring."

He fell back on one foot and bent the other knee, tucked his instrument under his chin, where it settled like a bird to its nest, and drew his bow across the strings with a long plaint. "O youth!" he intoned, between two sighs of the catgut, "O spring! O wings of the soul! O virginity of the heart, expectation, unknown mysteries of life! O wealth of streigth and yearning!—See now, how you sit," he cried, iropping into speech again, "on the fringe of the forest, in a strange land with the sunset valley at your feet, and the stream running you know not where beside you, and the bird over your head singing the very desires of your soul. Why, my God, young man, here are you in your youth, in the spring of the world, in the very middle of an adventure. . . . !"

Again his limber fingers moved along the strings

that old steady-going principality of Schwarzburg and the new-fangled, patchwork kingdom which appertaineth to his Majesty King Jerome—himself the crowning product of the Great Revolution!"
"Faugh," said the gentleman.

The fiddler's restless eye lighted.
"My lord is an Englishman? In verity and beyond doubt none but an Englishman could wear so lofty a front—I need scarce have asked."

The young traveler stared haughtily. The musician considered him a while in silence, and a sort of grave mockery, and pursued then reflectively:
"The English feeling, 'tis an excellent prescription for pride and disdain and such like high qualities. Only be careful, my brother wayfarer, that you be not above your own fair youth and disdain not its splendid opportunities. opportunities.

hate the usurper and despise his upstart brothers, and I care not who knows it."

The fiddler's smile grew broader. "Youth," whispered he to his violin. "may abjure itself, but it will out. The stripling has spirit though it be but the spirit of scorn. . . But the ceremony is not complete," pursued he. "I have now to return the compliment. Above all, let us be polite. Here, then, comrade, you see before you an individual known all over the country as the Crazy Musician, sometimes more tersely as Geigel-Hans—in your English, Fiddle-John. Some call me the Scholar Vagabond and some—the children, bless them!—Onkel. Like your own, my nationality is a matter of indecision; some say I am French, some German, some from over the Alps—take your choice; your choice too of my title. Geigel-Onkel or Fiddle-John—or you may dub me, if you please, 'the Singer of Youth.'"

By this time, Steven Lee, Count Kilmansegg, was disgusted with himself for having betrayed so much of his feelings to a beggar vagrant. "Doubtless," remarked he with infinite arrogance, "it may prove more convenient for you, at times, to hide your

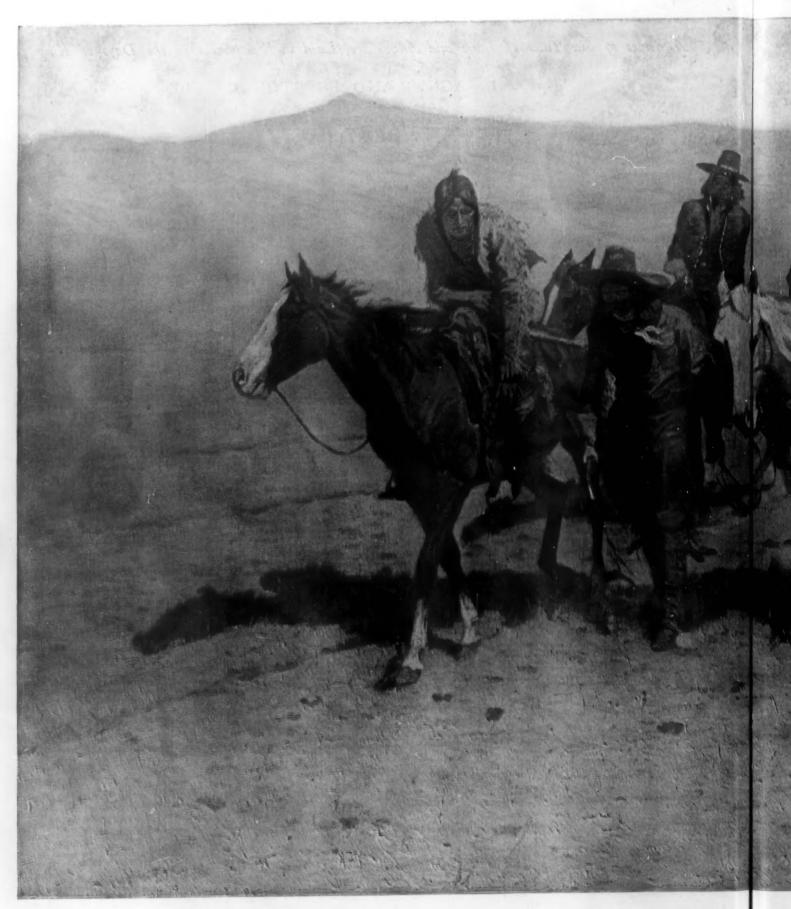


"I greet you! I salute you, my young lord!"

and with a sense of wonder, the traveler, despite himself, felt within his being an answering outcry.

"Harkee, my man," said he, trying to frown. "I am in no mood for fooling. Take up your florin and be gone—or, stay, earn another by telling me, if you can, where I am, and how far lies the nearest village."

"Sir," replied the other urbanely, "fellow-travelers should assist each other without any sordid consideration—(Ah, had you offered me of your youth now!)—We are, an it please you, just between the border of

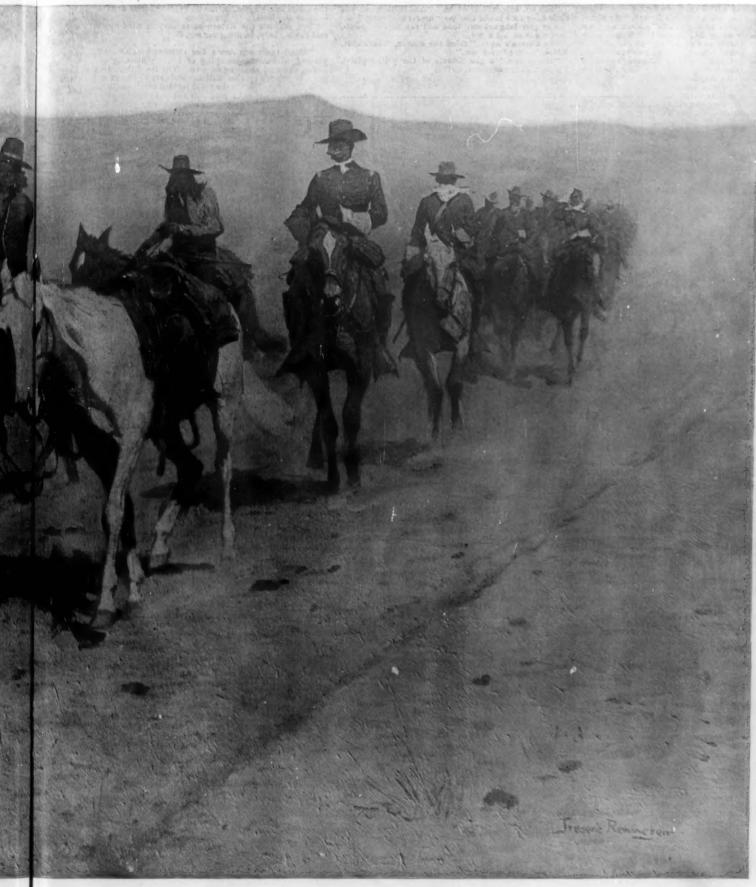


This is the eighth of a series of twelve paintings, made especially for Collier's by Frederic Remington, illustrative of the Louissana Purchase Period. These pictures will appear, one every month, in the Fiction Numbers

PONY TRACKS IN

A SCOUTING PARTY IN ADVANCE OF A COLUMN OF SOLDIERS PICKING UP INDIAN SIGNS. THEY F

PAINT



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IN THE BUFFALO TRAILS

SIGNS THEY HAVE FOUND PONY TRACKS AMONG THOSE OF THE BUFFALO, AND THE SCOUTS ARE TRYING TO PICK UP THE TRAIL

PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

KS

name, good fellow. Reassure yourself, I have no curiosity to learn it."

Whereupon Fiddle-Hans gathered his brows into so deep a frown that the whole hillside seemed to grow black. He struck the strings of his instrument, and they called out as with anger.

"My name," he said under his breath, "my name, boy, is dead, as dead as my youth." Then he grew calm as suddenly as he had stormed. "Some happy ones there are who die and whose names live. I live—and my name is dead. Let that suffice to you. Why, see," he cried next with another swift change of tone, while Count Steven stared at him, his slow Austrian blood, his deliberate English wits unable to keep pace with such vivacity of mood: "It is dark, the sun has dropped behind the valley line, the forest is full of night already. Do not the lights of unknown shelter beckon you, the chimney-corner, the strange hos-

heavy. Do not the lights of unknown shelter beckon you, the chimney-corner, the strange hospitality? Why, the Lord knows what sweet hostess may not greet your youth to-night! And if your soul cries not out for fair adventure in forest depths, here is at least a poor dumb thing that craves stable and corn."

ridge-rians looked back at him over his shoulder and grinned. He slid the reins above his elbow and grasped his violin.

"To the devil," it sang mockingly, through the glade, "to the devil with postilions and valets, to the devil with prudence and forethought! O youth, enjoy your youth! O youth, be young!

devil with prudence and forethought! O youth, enjoy your youth! O youth, be young!

"The Lord knows," had said the musician, "what sweet hostess may not be waiting for you!"

To their knock the door was opened by a slip of a peasant girl, and the light from within shone on her long yellow plaits of hair and her small brown face.

Steven was conscious of a distinct shock of disappointment. What folly had his fantastic chance companion fiddled into his mind that he should have found himself expecting something meet for his high-horn fancy in this lonely forest house?

"Geigel-Onkel!" cried the girl in surprise.

And "Geigel-Onkel!" was echoed joyfully indoors. A fat old peasant woman came waddling forward, hands outstretched.

"Be kind to my comrade, forest-mother," said the player, "while I see to this brother beast." He led the horse toward the back yard, and Steven stepped in to the great kitchen, glad at least of its prosaic aroma of potherbs, since romance had fallen silent with the fiddle. It was a long room, paneled and floored in oak which reflected the light of the hanging brass lamp and of the ruddy hearth in jonquil flamelets and poppy glow. A black oaken table which ran nearly from end to end was covered halfway with a snowy cloth, red-hemmed and flowered. There were presses, laden with blue and white crockery and pewter. There was a tall clock with a merry painted face and a solemn tick. There were stags' horns and grinning boars' heads above the presses. Not that Steven had any interest for these things. He was glad that the place was clean. He thought the oaken chair hard sitting for his own noble person, but it was better than the milestone.

The forest-mother seemed a decent sort of body, with a due sense, too, of the quality of her guest. As for the peasant child, he did not notice her at all—not even the prefty little foot in a sandal shoe and the scarlet stocking of which the short peasant skirt gave such generous display.

Yet it was to her that Fiddle-Hans made his courtly bow as he entered

display.

Yet it was to her that Fiddle-Hans made his courtly bow as he entered in his turn.

"Miss Sidonia!" said he, his old hat clapped over his heart. She gave him a smile, half shy, half mischievous, and her teeth were as white as his own in her sun-

burned face—there was a whole host of dimples, too, which a young man might have remarked. But what which a young man might have remarked. But what matter the dimples of a peasant girl. . . .

Then the fiddler took the old woman round the neck

Then the hidder took the old woman round the neck and kissed her plump wholesome cheek with a smack. "Supper, supper!" cried he. "And if it's good, you shall have such music that your hearts shall sing." The girl laughed out loud and ran to the hearth, where she seized a pot.
"In heaven's name," cried the woman, "leave that,

"In heaven's name," cried the woman, "leave that, child, 'tis not fit for you."

"Oh, please," urged Sidonia of the yellow plaits, "please, little foster-mother!"



Forest-mother she was to the fiddler, foster-mother

to the girl. . . . Steven had thought her grandmother, but . . . Bah—as if indeed it mattered.

"Get the wine then," said the matron with a jolly, unctuous chuckle. And while—swinging long tails of hair, scarlet ankles flashing—the girl darted round the table, what must this fantastic fellow Fiddle-Hans do. but introduce guest and hostess with one of his absurd

hair, scarlet ankles flashing—the girl darted round the table, what must this fantastic fellow Fiddle-Hans do, but introduce guest and hostess with one of his absurd flourishes:

"Here, dear comrade, is Mistress Friedel, mother of the great King Jerome's loyal Head-Forester. And here, dame, is a most noble Austrian count, whom the accidents of travel have forced to condescend to the shelter of your humble roof this evening."

Deep courtesied Mistress Friedel. Steven inclined his head and, feeling the fiddler mock him behind his back, grew red and angry.

"A glass in welcome," tittered Sidonia at his elbow. She was so close to him that his cheek was fanned by her breath of clover, and the fragrance of a little bunch of violets in her white kerchief rose to his nostrils. As she bent offering him the goblet of wine, her heavy plait fell against his shoulder. He drew back haughtily.
"Diavolo," cried Fiddle-Hans, "how my fingers itch for the strings! But, never mind—you shall lose nothing by waiting. Gemini! mother, as I live, venison stew! What feasts you make in your forest-house!"

"My son is hungry when he comes home of nights—and so are his lads. My little love, will you sit and entertain the gentlemen?"

Sidonia, pouting, drew her chair with great clatter round by that of Geigel-Onkel, and turned a shoulder on the count, who thus remained isolated as became his rank. The fiddler drank to her; she filled his glass again. And as she stretched across him to do so, the violets at her breast fell upon his hand.

"Violets," cried he, and sat as if turned to stone. His brown face grew ashen. Then he pushed his plate away, took up the flowers and pressed them against his lips. inhaling the scent of them with long deep breaths. And presently the tears ran down his cheeks and at last his slow-drawn sighs were cut short by a sob.

The girl started to the old woman's side and stood flushed and downcast while the forest-mother beat her omelet with a grave countenance. Neither of them looked at the fiddler. Steven, who had

The young aristocrat raised his disdainful eyebrows.

He stare at a country wench? Then into their sullen silence Mistress Friedel exclaimed joyfully. "Hark,"

lence Mistress Friedel exclaimed joyfully. "Hark," ied she, "here comes my son!"
From far away stole the faint blast of hunting horns, dog bayed answer from the kennels, and the call of e horns arose again, in the whispering forest depths closer and louder.

—closer and louder.

"Yes, yes, it's the Return-home they're winding!"
said the old lady, bending her ear.

his forester's uniform, though ostension of the sanctut as Priedel's, was of finer cloth and obviously brandnew. The collar of the coat rose very high on each side of his chiseled chin, which in the centre rested on folds of delicate cambric.

"Positively," thought Steven Lee, Count zu Waldorf, etc., "a gentleman like myself!"

But the hunter's first word dispelled the illusion: "My friend," said he to the old dame—he spoke German with a strong foreign accent—"my fellow forester there, Friedel, has assured me, ma'am, that you would give his brother woodsman hospitality to-night." Now, as he smiled, his handsome face assumed a trivial, almost inane expression, which destroyed its look of breeding and caused Count Steven to return to his bread and wine, with a lilt of his scornful eyebrow.

"Any friend of my son's is welcome here," said the old lady with an embarrassed smile. Friedel himself grew suddenly scarlet, gulped, blinked, and looked as uncomfortable as any fish out of water.

"I see I must introduce myself," cried the little man, laughing heartily and clapping him on the shoulder—"Mr. Forester ... Meyer, at your service, madam."

"If wish," said Steven, "that you would shut the door behind my back, good people."

"A guest, sir, like yourself," said the hostess somewhat dryly, hieing her to her pans, while the young nobleman in question twisted round his heavy chair again to supplement her inadequate description.

"An Austrian gentleman, my man, if it imports you to know," said he. "You are yourself, perhaps," he went on with more friendliness, stauck by an obvious explanation of certain signs about the newcomer that had puzzled him, "the inspector of these forests, sir, on your rounds. I notice you speak with authority, and your accent is not of the country—a countryman of this King Jerome occasionally. Ha, ha!"

"He, ha!" echoed Sidonia, catching the infection of mirth, as a child will, without reason.

"Hey, la! And whom have we here?"

"Mr. Forester Inspector repeated the phrase in very different tone

"We do not hold with French ways here," said Dame Friedel rebukingly over her pan, and Steven, catching the gesture of warning which her son instantly addressed to her, felt a vast contempt for the fellow's slavish fear of his little Inspector.

The wine, thin and fragrant, must have gone somewhat fantastically to the young nobleman's brain. He began to feel defiant in a humorous sort of way; to wish the Fiddler back with his music. With a tune to marry with the amber drink it seemed as if that youth-ship of his, on which yonder rogue laid such stress, might find some zest in a quarrel with Master Forester Meyer—whose eyes flickered so unpleasantly as they looked at the peasant child, who had so irritating a French shrug and so mean a smile.

But if he had an eye to a pretty girl, the Inspector seemed to have also an ear for a poacher. The distant crack of shots reverberating from the forest now made him start and listen acutely. But, as Friedel, with a frowning countenance, made a lurch for his gun in the corner, Mr. Meyer smiled and restrained him. Then he himself went to the door, set it ajar and hearkened. His smile widened as he closed it again and returned to the table.

"Doubtless he has plans of his own for trapping the poor wretches," thought Steven. It was the obvious explanation, and yet he felt a kind of mystery brooding around him, almost as if that adventure which the Fiddler's music had boded were about to take place.

And in the long silence which succeeded, the impression deepened. The Frenchman seemed overcome by an uncontrollable restlessness. He paraded the room from end to end, compared the merry-faced clock with his watch, stared out of the window and drummed on the pane. He was evidently keenly on the alert for something—and as Steven vainly cudgeled his not very quick wits to conjecture—behold it was at hand! Shouts without, steps... a tremendous rat-tat at the door!.

"Tis not possible," cried Mother Friedel, "that the Lord has sent us more guests!"

Shouts without, steps... a tremendous rat-tat at the door!...
"Tis not possible," cried Mother Friedel, "that the Lord has sent us more guests!"
This was, in truth, precisely what the Lord was doing—if indeed it were fair to hold Him responsible. Two new guests walked into the Forest House without so much as a word of parley. A hulking man in forester's uniform ("by Saint Hubert," said Steven Lee to himself, "his Westphalian Majesty's rangers seem thick as leaves hereabouts!") and a lady, clinging to his arm. Yes, a lady and a fair one! Steven rose to his feet.
The Inspector and the burly new-comer interchanged a rapid glance.
Then, cracking the whip he held in his hand, the latter burst into the most execrable German, interspersed by volleys of French oaths. It was evident that King Jerome held to servants of his own nationality.

Parbleu, quoth he, a mercy to see decent shelter! Devil take all, he had thought that he and the lady would have had to spend the night in the forest!

Here the lady, in spite of very pink

forest!

Here the lady, in spite of very pink cheeks and bright eyes, became so faint that she had to be assisted to a chair by Dame Friedel and her foster child. Steven darted to present a glass of water, but was arrogantly torestalled by Mr. Meyer.
"Such a scandal on his Majesty's highroad," went on he of the whip, "this lady's coach attacked by ruffans!"

"His Majesty will be exceedingly displeased," said the Inspector gravely, sitting down by the distressed one and stripping off her glove to consult a delicate wrist.
"Her escort shot at— By all the devila!"

"Monstrous," quoth the Inspector, in quiet indignation. "A little wine, madam."

madam."
"The escort — sacred swine, confound them!—took flight and basely abandoned their charge."
"Shocking!" said Mr. Meyer, relinquishing one pretty hand to receive the empty glass from the other.
"If I had not happened to hear the shots and rush to the spot—what might not have happened?"
"It makes me shiver to contemplate," asserted the Inspector.
"My brave deliverer!" murmured the lady, in a dulcet voice. "Single-handed, he—"
She suddenly buried her face in her hands and quivered from head to foot.

The Inspector looked up at Mrs.
The Inspector looked up at Mrs.
Friedel with an air of grave compassion. "Hysterical," said he. "And

sion. "Hysterical," said he. "And no wonder!"

Mistress Friedel begar, to loosen the lady's handsome claret-colored traveling mantle, while Sidonia drew the velvet, white-plumed hat from the loveliest dark curling head in all the world.

"Well . . . ah.—Schmidt," said Inspector Meyer, "his Majesty will hear of your conduct."

"Thank you, Mr. . . ah . . . Meyer," rejoined the burly Schmidt, with an unaccountably waggish grin.

"Ah, ha, ha!" cried the lady. She flung back her head and flung down her hands, the tears were streaming upon her uncovered cheeks. It might be hysterics, but Steven thought it was the most becoming combination of emotions he had ever beheld.

She wiped her eyes and sprang up, as lightly as a bird. Emerging from the folds of her cloak, she displayed a clinging robe of pale blue, fastened under the bust by

a belt of amethysts set in gold. She had an exquisite roundness of form, an open smiling mouth. Her eyes were innocent and dark and deep. She was, Steven felt, a revelation. And withal, what a great lady! What an air of breeding, what elegance! An Austrian gentleman knows the value of jewels—Heavens, what rings on her fingers, what pearls in her ears!

"Ah, Dio mio," she cried, "but I am hungry!"
Italian then. "Twas a strange meeting of nationalities in the German forest-corner.

The fixity of the young man's gaze suddenly drew her attention. She looked at him; surprise, interest, then an adorable smile appeared on her countenance. "Twas almost an invitation; besides, was it not meet that the only gentleman of the party should entertain the only lady? With his heart beating in his throat, he took two steps forward.

The three foresters had drawn apart and were whispering together with furtive glances at the young stranger. It was not likely he should notice this with her lovely eyes upon him. She dropped her handkerchief. He rushed to pick it up; as she took it from his fingers he gave them ever so slight a pressure.

O Geigel-Onkel, Singer of Youth, hadst thou foreseen this rapturous moment?

"A thousand graces," murmured she. . . The graces! they were all her own.

"Permit me to introduce myself," he stammered.

But the Inspector cut him short with strident voice: "The gentleman must be fatigued," he cried.

Steven started angrily. To one side of him stood Forester Schmidt, to the other Forester Friedel.

"I will show the gracious one the way to his repose," said the latter with subdued yet warning tone in his ear.

"And I will give you my help to the door, Thunder of God!" exclaimed the other, and caught the Count's arm under his with a grip of iron.

Steven wrenched himself free. Yet a man has not sober English blood for nothing. Humiliating as was the position, a moment's reflection convinced him that resistance would but render him more ridiculous still, and that in the light of those dark eyes.

"Lead th

It stole upon their ears so gently that it was as if they heard it not

low to the lady, followed his escort, with what dignity he could muster, toward the door opening on the forest. There was such a seething of rage in his brain, such an itching in his palm to feel it against yonder insolent Schmidt's full cheek that it was not till he found himself on the threshold of a dimly lighted wooden building, gazing blankly in upon heaps of straw, that he realized that the barn was considered good enough for the night's lodging of a Count Waldorf-Kilmansegg.

"May you rest sweetly, sir," said Friedel, and tramped away.

"Comrades again-!" Turning round with a start, Steven beheld the crazy musician at his elbow.

"Comrades on the straw—eh, what a bed for his lord-ship! Mistrables! They have no idea of the importance of rank, these benighted forest folk. Yet give me the clean yellow straw, smelling of the sunshine in the dark and whispering of the fields, rather than your stuffy mountains of leathers."

"Geigel-Onkel..." came a shrill cry into the night.

"Geigel-Onkel . . . !" came a shrill cry into the night.

The Fiddler turned with a bound and ran into the middle of the moonlit yard, staring up at the outline of the house against the pale moonlight. From some distant regions, where Friedel's underlings kenneled near their hounds, rose shouts of boorish laughter and the chorus of a drinking song.

A yellow tongue of flame appeared in a wooden balcony, hanging under the roof. Sidonia bent over, shielding her candle from the forest airs. "Are you there, Geigel-Onkel?"

"Yes, child."

"Oh, I am glad! . . . Geigel-Onkel!—" she leaned over still further, her tresses hung down and one shone ruddy with the candle gleam, and one sliver in the moonlight. Her voice was broken with angry tremors. "He tried to kiss me!"

"Who . . ?"

"The big man with the whip. He caught me by the waist—I had nothing to hit him with but my plaits. I lashed him in the face, they caught him across the

waist—I had nothing to hit him with but my plaits. I lashed him in the face, they caught him across the eyes."

"Caught him across the eyes," cried the Fiddler, clapping his hands. "Ah. brava, little mamzel!"

"They whistled like a rope," the girl was laughing and crying together. "I think I have half blinded him. Mayn't I come down to you, Onkel? I want to talk—and I want music."

"Better not," said Fiddle-Hans, and then from the shadow Steven steeped out beside him. It was terrible to think of the dark-eyed lady in the company of such ruffnan! Sidonia drew back at sight of him with a cry.

"Na, na, don't be afraid of him—it's only my comrade. As for the others!—go in, child, bolt your door," said the Fiddler; "go to bed—and sleep in peace; I shall watch."

"But you will play for me?" she asked over her shoulder.

"Presently," said he, "such a tune, little mamzel!, that will make some people dance! But to you it shall give sweet sleep."

As the girl disappeared, Fiddle-Hans turned upon Steven. He kaughed as he addressed the youth, but his eyes were fierce as a wolf's in the dim light.

"Did you hear?" said he, "the maid struck him—but you... O you... you let yourself be turned out! O to see you come away like a lamb! Steven Lee, Graf zu Waldorf-Kilmansegg, turned out of doors by two low-bred foresters..! What then runs in your veins, what turnip juice instead of blood? The fellow, Schmidt so called, laid hands on you, did he not? and you a youth! By the blood of my fathers, had he touched me, old man as I am, he had felt the weight of his own whip. But the fellow has muscles—nay, you were right, sir, right. Let us be prudent by all means! Only that mask of yours lies, that smooth cheek, that crisp curl... young, yez—only your heart is not young. "Tis like the kernel of a blind nut... dry dust; while I—there is more of God's youth left in my worn and waning body—"

"God!" interrupted Steven. trem—" neart is not young. 'Tis like the ker-nel of a blind nut... dry dust; while I—there is more of God's youth left in my worn and waning body—'' "'God!'' interrupted Steven, trem-bling in every limb, hurt to the mar-row of his pride, "'twas before the lady."

of his pride, "'twas before the lady."
"O the lady." "'echoed the other with a mocking trail of laughter. During the vehemence of his speech the musician had advanced on the lad, who had unconsciously drawn back until he stood against the wall of the house. Now a window close to him was unlatched and the sound of a sigh, rather than a voice, was breathed forth into the night.

"Ah, Dio!"
"Your cue," mocked the Fiddler into his ear, and melted away into the

to his ear, and melted away into the darkness.

The window was that of a room on the ground floor; the lady leaned out, her elbows on the sill; her face caught a slanting ray of moonlight. Was it possible to be so beautiful?

"Madam!" cried the count, that heart of his which was supposed to be but dry dust beginning to thump in hitherto unknown fashion.

"Hush, hush," she whispered, a taper finger on her lip. "Ah, is it vou, sir?"

He advanced into the moonray that held her; he was not aware that he also looked very goodly and romantic.

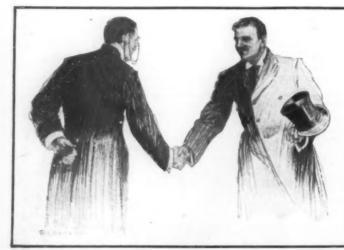
he also looked very goodly and romantic.

Somewhere, in the darkness close by, the Fiddler's bow crept over the strings. It was a sound so attenuated that it seemed to have no more substance than the light of the moon itself; it stole upon their ears so gently that it was as if they heard it not. His hand met her warm fingers—the fragrance from her curls mounted to his nostrils; she looked up at him and her eyes glistened.

O Fiddler, what bewitching music is the sweetness does it income the control of the cont

her eyes glistened.

O Fiddler, what bewitching music is this? What sweetness does it insinuate, what mysterious audacity counsel? There were those parted lips of hers, with white teeth gleaming through, and here was this youth that had never touched a woman's lips in love. Such a little way between his bent head and her upturned face . . . ! (Continued on page 25.)



SLAVESO SUCCESS

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

In the series of political stories of which this is the last, Mr. Flower has given a truthful "inside" picture of the game of politics as it is being played to-day in every town, county, and State of the United States. The characters are drawn with great the lity, and the story of how Azro Craig, an honest farmer, after first fighting the "machine," then coming under the influence of the "boss," and finally breaking away, is told with both force and humor. The first five stories in the series appeared in Collier's Fiction Numbers for May, June, July, August, and September

CRAIG'S AWAKENING AZRO

THERE is no day of rest or freedom from anxiety for the ambitious politician. Whatever may be the victories that lie behind, there is always something ahead that may mean defeat. He must fight and plan steadily and persistently to gain what he wishes or retain what he has: inactivity means retrogression.

what he wishes or retain what he has: inactivity means retrogression.

John Wade was nearing the critical point in his political career long before he had made a United States Senatorship the goal of his ambition. Some men, in the innermost recesses of their souls, decide that they will strive for the Presidency and never get beyond minor municipal or State offices; they discover that the Presidency is not for men of their class and that they never had any real expectation of reaching it. Wade was more practical. He expected to get what he went after, but he was wise enough to go after nothing that was absolutely beyond his reach. The Presidency, he decided, was not for a "machine" manager, for the public had Presidential ideals, and did not regard "machine" management with particular favor. But a Senatorship was easily possible, so he did not look beyond it.

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On the eve of the battle, like a good general, he made a careful mental review of his forces, his defences, his position, and the position of the enemy. He was reasonably strong, but not strong enough to be at all sure of victory. It looked to him like this:

He could not count on Ben Carroll, and Carroll might be needed. Carroll had lost much power, but he was still a "machine" lever. If he failed to "work," it might throw the whole thing out of gear, and, at the very least, an important part of it would be out of harmony with the rest. Carroll was vindictive, but Carroll never lost sight of his own interests. Consequently Carroll might still be controlled.

Aside from this, things were very favorable. Wade had succeeded in organizing the previous Legislature by putting Henry Wellington, he had been able to confer many favors and make many friends. Incidentally, he had been able also to discover who would be tractable and who would not, and some of the intractable ones had been retired at the election that followed. But there was a distressing element of uncertainty in one quarter. He had enabled Dan Nally, alias Dick Haggin, to escape the meshes of the law, but there seemed to be a lack of gratitude for this. Nally had strong political friends, of whom State Senator Abbey was one, and many of these friends seemed to understand that Wade had not acted willingly in the matter, that he had been forced to bestir himself as a matter of political expediency. He had done what no other could do, but others, notably Carroll, had exerted themselves more cheerfully. He had forced a pledge from Senator Abbey, but it looked very much as if Carroll had the greater influence with some new members from that vicinity. Still, Wade was personally stronger than he had been in the preceding Legislature. He felt that he co

first.
"I ain't promisin'," said Craig sullenly.
"I thought you were my friend, Azro," urged Wade.
"I was," replied Craig, "but you got too many friends. Anybody's your friend that'll do what you want."

want."

"Haven't I been a friend to you?"

"Yees," admitted Craig, "but you been a friend to Carroll, too, an' you can't be a real friend to both of us. I've learned a thing or two since I been to Springfield, Jack. I was ag'in' the 'machine' first, an' I thought you was ag'in' it, but you ain't. You're part of it—the very best part of it, I guess, but part of it

jest the same. Mebbe we got to have a 'machine' o' some sort, like folks say, an' I reckon I got to vote for it one way or another, but I'm ag'in' Carroll. He's the worst there is in 'machine' politics. They say he's gon' to be with Senator Weston for re-election, an'—" "Who says so?" interrupted Wade.
"Lots o' folks," replied Craig. "I'm wiser than I was, Jack, an' I been nosin' 'round a little to see how things is goin' to be at the next session, jest like you, Weston has got some things organized better'n you think. He's reachin' for your 'machine.' If he gets the Carroll end of it, I'm with you, but I ain't makin' no other promises." no other promises

"Do you remember when you came to Chicago two years ago?" asked Wade.

"Yees."

"Did you find a better friend than I was? Did any one treat you any better?"

"No-o; but I'm beginnin' to think it was politics, Jack. I been tryin' to keep on believin' in you—tryin' hard—but it ain't jest easy. I don't know as I can do it any more, if you harness up with Carroll ag'in."

"Carroll and I are out," said Wade.

"Betsy an' I are out," quoted Craig, "but 'Betsy an' I made up ag'in. I'm watchin' an' thinkin', an' I'm learnin' the ways of politics."

The shock of this enigmatical and unsatisfactory reply made Wade nervous about other people. He had



It was rumored that he was iii

not doubted his ability to get an absolute pledge from Craig, and he found him almost combative. If he gained Carroll, he would lose Craig in all probability. He might keep a Carroll alliance in the background, as Carroll was not personally a member of the Legislature, but Craig had gained in wisdom and suspicion. "These simple fellows from the back districts are the most uncertain propositions on earth," he mused. "You have some basis of judgment with ordinary men, but you never can tell what one of these fellows will do."

do."

And the session of the Legislature that would elect a United States Senator would begin shortly. Clearly, it was time to investigate every detail of his position personally, so far as that was possible. One of his lieutenants had brought him cheering news from Senator Abbey, but he decided to see the Senator himself. "Senator," he said, "you haven't forgotten the programme, have you?"

"No," replied the State Senator, "but you're going to have trouble, Wade."
"In what way?"

"Well, I can see the signs of a nasty fight blowing up." explained Abbey. "You're not very strong in some ways, Wade, and public sentiment is going to be against you."

"Public sentiment doesn't elect men to the United States Senate," remarked Wade sententiously.
"No, but public sentiment sometimes defeats men who want to go there," returned Abbey. "It's stronger negatively than it is affirmatively, and you're going to have a hard time getting the party to unite on you. If you can't show up with more than a caucus majority at the start, you haven't a chance; if you can, I think you can win. Most of Weston's strength is pledged to him conditionally. He's got to make a certain showing to win."
"How about you?"
"I'm with you, of course. I told you that when you pulled Dan Nally out of the fire and saved my district for me. But you didn't do it gracefully, Wade, and some of the people over there haven't forgotten it. They're beginning to think you're not one of the good people. They won't stick to you very long, if Carroll goes to Weston. They like Carroll. Are you sure of Carroll?"

They're beginning to think you're not one of the good people. They won't stick to you very long, if Carroll goes to Weston. They like Carroll. Are you sure of Carroll?"

"That's good. You'll need him. There are two new men from that district and some more near enough to be affected by conditions there. With Carroll back of you, you can count on six votes in a bunch; without Carroll, you can have four of the six on the first ballot, but I can't hold more than two after that. I've pulled a few wires for you elsewhere, however, that will give you three more votes in addition to my own, so you can credit me with a total of eight on joint ballot or in caucus. That's not so bad."

"But I want to hold them," argued Wade. "This thing isn't going to be settled in a minute."

"Can't be held without Carroll," replied Abbey; "that is, all of them can't, unless you make a mighty big showing right from the jump. I tell you, some of those people think pretty well of Weston. If he shows upstrong, you and Carroll together will have all you can do to hold them. And there's another thing, Wade."

"What?"

"You'd better see if you can't check the popular indorsement of Weston. That's going to hurt. As I said before, public sentiment can defeat a man easier than it can elect him. You haven't got a firm enough grip on your votes to hold them, if the thing gets too strong. Can't you do something with Trumbull?"

"I'Il try,," said Wade.

John N. Trumbull was chairman of the Political Action Committee of the Central Club. He was also the husband of Mrs. Helen R. Trumbull, although not always the true friend that he seemed. In fact, he had assisted Carroll in an unsuccessful effort to make her "tractable" in relation to certain university affairs, but he had considerately allowed Carroll to get all the blame for it. That was Wade's way. Trumbull had taken no active part in the campaign, but he was influential, and Wade had once before considered the advisability of going to him. Weston had made a fairly satisfactory Senator, and the Cen

"I think it quite likely," admitted Trumbull, "although I shall not advocate any such action."
"Couldn't you oppose it?" asked Wade.
"Hardly," replied Trumbull. "You surely do not expect the committee to indorse you?"
"No," said Wade, "but I don't see why it should indorse anybody. Your club, although Republican, is not primarily a political club, and it does not ordinarily mix up in Senatorship contests. It is for the party, but not for the faction. Why should the rule be changed this time?" this

"It seems to be the sentiment of the club," answered

mix up in Senatorship contests. It is for the party, but not for the faction. Why should the rule be changed this time?"

"It seems to be the sentiment of the club," answered Trumbull evasively.

"But is it fair?" insisted Wade, speaking with great carnestness. "It is an attempt to use your club in factional politics, Mr. Trumbull; it is part of a political scheme. If you formally indorse Weston, that indorsement will be placed on the desk of every member of the Legislature on the opening day, and it will be sent to every country paper. It will give the impression that the city is for Weston and against me almost solidly, and that is a false impression. You know it, Mr. Trumbull; you know that it is cleverly arranged so that no one can vote against this indorsement without seeming to disparage or condemn Weston's Washington record, which is fairly good."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Trumbull; for, put in this light, the thing really did look unfair.

"I want you to prevent any indorsement of any kind," said Wade. "You can do it; you have the personal and official influence to do it. As chairman of the committee, you have only to point out that it is unusual and is establishing a precedent that is likely to make future trouble. Protest vigorously against the introduction of factional politics into a club of merchants and professional men that never before has done more than simply to be for the party solidly when big issues were at stake. There are only a few who want to do this thing; the rest of them don't even see the point that is being made. They think they are only indorsing a past record."

Trumbull drumtned thoughtfully on his desk with a pencil. He knew that twas Wad's objectionable "machine" record that made this possible. Then he thought of Mrs. Trumbull did not know all that Wade knew. Among the knowing ones it already had been whispered that the Central Club would indorse Weston. When it failed to do so, the Weston campaign would receive a serious jar that would be almost equal to an indorsem

"Now, if I can hit them somewhere else," he told himself, "I'll have things coming my way."

He thought of David Clow, the man who had unwittingly mortgaged himself. Clow was a Weston man, and Wade had let him think he could be one. But when the time comes to strike, there is nothing like having several blows come at once. The moral effect of the defection of Clow would be the greater if it closely followed the Central Club disappointment. And Wade was leaving nothing to others now that he could possibly attend to himself; the stake was too large. "Clow," he said, when he reached that legislator's home in a distant part of the State, "they tell me you are for Weston."

"Yes, I am," replied Clow.

"You ought to be for me, Clow.",
"I don't think so," said Clow. "The people who sent me to the Legislature don't think you're the man to be Senator."

Wade winced at this, but he did not change his rather patronizing tone. Wade, with a man in his power, was a very different man from the Wade who was seeking to gain his ends by clever argument.

"Do you remember the last session?" asked Wade.

"Yes," answered Clow.

"Do you remember the bill before the Committee on Commerce—the bill to regulate the express company business?"

"I voted honestly on that bill," declared Clow

business?"
"I voted honestly on that bill," declared Clow

business?"

"I voted honestly on that bill," declared Clow excitedly.

"But you speculated on advance information of what the committee would do."

"So did you!" cried Clow.

"You don't know whether I did or not," returned Wade coldly, "but I know you did."

"It was honest," insisted Clow. "You know it was honest. And you put up the job, John Wade! You knew I was hard up! You were back of the people that were pressing me! And then you showed me the way out by using the stock market, and you said you'd put my deal in with yours. You and Carroll worked that together."

"That's a lie, Clow!"

Clow looked ready to spring at his accuser, but he stopped to think, and thought brought worry. He had speculated on committee information, but he had not allowed it to influence his vote.

"Carroll has his ways and I have mine," Wade added. "Carroll tried to force you to vote for the boodle end of that bill, while I only tried to make you my friend. What I did for you was done on your written order. Do you remember it?"

"Yes," said Clow, and all the strength and life seemed to go out of him now.
"I want you to be my friend, Clow," said Wade

"I want you to be my friend, Clow," said Wade meaningly.

"It will kill me in this district," pleaded Clow.

"The papers I hold," said Wade menacingly, "will make you infamous in every district; they'll drive you from the State. Previous to a report by your committee you speculated in stocks that would be affected by that report. No matter how honest your vote may have been, that fact will kill you. You're respected here now, you've been sent to the Legislature a second time, you can go again after this term—if they don't find you out."

"Never, if I vote for you," said Clow.

"But you can live here; you won't be an outcast, a byword, a shunned man, a convicted grafter. Oh! you needn't protest that you didn't graft! It's not what I know; it's what your friends and neighbors and the people of the State will think they know when they see these papers."

"Where are they?" asked Clow, a sudden wild gleam

these papers."
Where are they?" asked Clow, a sudden wild gleam

"Where are they?" asked Clow, a sudden wild gleam in his eye.

"Oh, I didn't bring them with me," laughed Wade.
"I don't think you could take them from me, but I'm not risking it." Then insinuatingly, "I want you to be my friend, Clow. I'd give up any old papers to a friend—when he has proved his friendship."

"All right," said Clow, almost inaudibly.
"I want you to send word to Chicago that you have broken away from Weston. I'll know when it gets there and I'll know if it doesn't get there. You needn't say anything about it here, but I want you to come out for me strong when you get to Springfield. It won't hurt you very much. Weston is strong with the people here, but I'll make so good a Senator that it will all be forgiven by the time you are ready to run again."

M. Carried Thursday

"Jack Wade, you're going to draw of

"I'll do it," said Clow. Wade noticed the big drops of perspiration on his forehead and was weak enough to regret that he had to do what he had done. With the exception of the preliminaries, the job had been more in Carroll's line.

"If it will make you feel any better," Wade said in parting, "I'll tell you that I know your vote was honest and that Carroll failed to get you to take the boodle view, but the fact that you speculated on your own committee action looks bad, very bad. You're wise to arrange to get those papers back. I'll deliver them to you at Springfield."

Then Wade returned to Chicago with a reasonably light heart, for he eased his conscience by telling himself that he would surely take care of Clow in some way, in case the latter's constituents should prove unforgiving.

Carroll was the next on Wade's list. Carroll was still disgruntled, but he was always able to see where his personal advantage lay, and Wade was in a position to talk convincingly now. He went over the ground very thoroughly, checking off men on a list of the Republican members of the Legislature, and Carroll had to admit that he made a very fair statement of the case. Carroll's own investigations corroborated the reports that Wade had received from his lieutenants and now presented for consideration.

"You've got a pretty long list of uncertainties there," commented Carroll. "It will take very little to make most of those people jump either way. The Central Club action may do it."

"No," said Wade, with calm confidence. "The Central Club's failure to act will do it. The club's Committee on Political Action met this morning."

"Well?" said Carroll inquiringly.

"It refused to indorse any one, which means that it tacitly indorsed me. A Weston indorsement was expected, the Weston people said it was coming; it hasn't come. That's a black eye for Weston, isn't it?"

"How the devil did that happen?" demanded Carroll.

"Why, it was all framed up. Your Uncle John hasn't been asleep, Carroll," returned Wade. "It makes no difference how

one.

The headlines were enough for Carroll, but he made a pretence of reading the article to give him a moment for thought.

"That's going to huit," he admitted at last. "It wouldn't be so bad if the Weston people hadn't made such a point of it during the last few days."
"It's not the only mistake the Weston people have made," said Wade with slow impressiveness. "They have been counting on Clow as one of their right-hand men in his part of the State. Clow will be throwing his hat in the air and yelling for me at Springfield."
"Why, he's been one of the strongest Weston men" cried Carroll.
"He's even the arror of his ways." returned Wede.

red Carroll.

"He's seen the error of his ways," returned Wade

"How did you do it?" asked Carroll with ea

"How did you do it?" asked Carroll with eager curiosity."

"Never mind that," replied Wade, "I sometimes get my good cards a long time before I play them."

"It was that express deal!" exclaimed Carroll. "I never could quite understand the finish of that."

"Let's not bother with ancient history," said Wade.
"If the Weston people haven't got their second joit by to-morrow night, we'll call it all off. If they have, you'd better get into the band wagon. I want you with me, Carroll."

Carroll did not reply for several minutes. He was wise enough to see the strength of his position, and it was not often that he was able to dictate terms to Wade.

"How about Craig?" he asked at last.

"If I have you," answered Wade, "Craig will have to follow the party; I'll be strong enough for that. If I don't have you, I'll have Craig, and you'll have to follow the party; I'll be strong enough for that. If I don't have you, I'll have Craig, and you'll have to follow the party; I'll be strong enough for that. If I don't have you, I'll thow as if I could win either way."

"No, you can't," retorted Carroll, apparently reaching a decision. "Without either me or Craig you and Weston stood about even. The Central Club and Clow affairs will give you a lead and Craig will add something to that lead; but, if I throw my strength to Weston, he'll be on even terms with you again, and it's anybody's fight. Craig is a mighty poor offset for me, Wade; he isn't enthusiastic enough to practically put Weston out of the running, for he can't hold a lot of his people in an uphill fight. If they start in your direction, as they will, you can poll the full party strength on joint ballot before he knows what has happened. Craig will have to tail on. You need me, Wade, and you'll have to pay for me."

"What's the price?" asked Wade, realizing that Carroll and puffed the smoke of his cigar in Wade's direction. He was absolute master of the situation for almost the first time—master because Wade's ambition had led him to make of himself one of the politi

then, although caucus rule was not imposed by party custom.

But Craig had finally awakened, and Craig awake was a very different man from Craig sleeping. Most of the members and interested politicians reached Springfield a day or so before the opening of the session, to look the ground over and familiarize themselves with the situation. The Weston people were greatly worried. The Central Club's action, or rather refusal to act, had been a hard blow to them, and the defection of Clow was almost as serious. The loss of a man once won is infinitely worse than a failure to win him in the first place. The Wade cohorts were as jubilant as the Weston men were depressed, and Craig circulated impartially among both. He was considered a Wade man by most of the members, but he had little to say. Wade himself was thinking of looking him up, to see if he could reconcile him to the Carroll alliance, when Craig sent for him. That was unusual and disquieting.

Craig, the modest, never before had "sent" for any one, but it was no time to stand on ceremony, so Wade responded to the summons.

"I been thinkin' things over," said Craig slowly, "an' I come to the conclusion that I was jest about the innocentest guy that ever was the day I sat on your steps in my stockin' feet an' was so tickled by the way you took it. I thought you was glad to see Azro Craig, jest plain Azro Craig, but I learned a lot since then. You're clever, Jack, but you don't give a blame for anything but votes, present an' to come, an' you're mean, downright low an' mean."

"Hold on, Azro!" cried Wade. "I won't stand—"

"I ain't goin' to hold on!" broke in Craig. "I'm goin' to talk a lot, an' then it's your turn. You think you got things fixed, with all your tricks an' treachery, but you ain't knee-high to a grasshopper in this fight. You're goin' to draw out."

"Are you crazy?" demanded Wade.

"Not so's a court 'Il take notice of it," replied Craig, "but I think you was when you got to fightin' a woman in a sneakin' way, not even bein' honest about it. Now, don't git mad, Jack! You got lots o' time to git mad later, an' I'm talkin' of things I know. When you was tryin' to beat Mrs. Trumbull on that State University business, didn't you come to me, like a sneak, to try an' make me fix one o' the trustees, that was my friend, to start the fight ag'in' her?"

"I ought to thrash you!" exclaimed Wade.

"Don't you never try it, Jack," retorted Craig. "I'm harder 'n a keg o' nails."

"You seem determined to take a perverted view of everything," asserted Wade, assuming the tolerant air of one who could afford to be magnanimous with a mis-

guided countryman. "She was making a nuisance of

minded countryman. She was making a measure berself."

"She's a woman," returned Craig. "Folks don't like men that don't play fair with women, an' she'd feel mighty put-out about it herself. So would her husband. An' that ain't all, Jack Wade. I tried to excuse that, 'cause I liked you, but Senator Abbey's been tellin' me things. Not knowin' me very well, an' thinkin' I was one o' your certain-sure men, he spoke up kind o' free when I asked him why he was workin' so hard. 'Oh!' he says, 'he saved a handy man o' mine, Dick Haggin, from the penitentiary.' That's all, Jack. He didn't say no more than that, but I was readin' how one o' the judges sent that feller to the House o' Correction when he was booked for the penitentiary. The papers criticised the judge pretty strong at the time, you know."

"It's a lie!" declared Wade. "He didn't know what he was talking about."

"Mebbe so," said Craig, "but I reckon the Weston folks would git the rights of it, if they had the chance. I could make a Bible oath to what Abbey told me, an' the facts don't look real nice. Abbey come out for you strong, you see; then you been so close to the judge in other ways that folks has talked about it and the feller got off. He was pardoned from the House o' Correction, they say. Folks has a way o' gettin' mad at men that monkey with the courts. Mebbe I could tell jest enough to show the connection between the handy man an' the judge. You better draw out o' this fight, Jack."

Wade forced a laugh. It had to be forced, for he knew his position was perilous—and so was his friend, the judge's.

"I'm too old at the game to be frightened out," he said, "and you are new at it, Azro." 's a woman," returned Craig. "Folks don't like

"Oh, all right." returned Craig. "Clow's a pretty good friend o' mine, too. Clow's been askin' me how to square things with the folks at home, an' I told him to make a clean breast o' the whole thing an' vote for the man his people want."

"I'll break him, if he does!" threatened Wade. "I've got the papers to put him out of politics, out of—"

"You ain't quick enough, Jack," interrupted Craig.
"The man that's first to the public with his story is the one that's goin' to make the other feller do the explainin'. I got his story in writin'; it shows where you come in, an' takes the edge off your papers. It shows how you got them an' how you used them. Folks don't like that sort o' business." Craig leaned forward and emphasized his remarks with a long, bony forefinger.

"Jack Wade, you're goin' to draw out o' the race right now, or that story will be in the hands o' the Weston folks in less'n five minutes. They'll have how you tricked the woman, too, an' how you fixed the judge. You're needin' a vacation an' you better take it. There couldn't nobody trust you in the United States Senate. Leastways I couldn't, an' I've learned how things is done since I took my boots off on your front steps up to Chicago."

to Chicago."

Wade went from that conference direct to the depot in a carriage. It was rumored that he was ill. The rumor was verified later from Chicago. He had broken down under the strain of many years of active politics and would recuperate abroad. Of course, his name had to be withdrawn from consideration for the Senator, ship; it was understood that he was the first to insist upon that, although only one or two intimate friends saw him before he left to regain his shattered health by foreign travel.



OUR BOURGEOIS LITERATURE - The Reason and the Remedy

In the May issue of the "North American Review" appeared an article by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, setting forth her opinion that "American literature to-day is the most timid, the most anamic, the most lacking in individualities, the most bourgeois, that any country has ever known." At the time this article was upublished the writer was in a far land, where magazines are not to be had, and so his contribution to the discussion is somewhat belated. He thinks it likely, however, that American literature is not much less bourgeois at present than it was five months ago; the causes of that quality in it are deeply rooted.

A certain college professor whom the writer encountered in his youthful days had a habit which was very annoying to his students. His department was philosophy, a subject on which young men are wont to be voluble. The topic being, for instance, "the Soul," some one would be busily proving its unity, its immateriality, its indestructibility, and others of its numerous qualities—only to be suddenly brought up with a turn by the old professor's quiet inquiry: "What do you mean by 'the Soul'?" This always ended the argument, for the student discovered that he did not know what he meant. Before undertaking to explain the bourgeois character of American literature, the writer will try to define exactly what, to him, is implied by the word bourgeois. This will require a digression into the history of the universe, with which the reader is requested to be as patient as he can.

The student of two or three generations from now will, unless I am mistaken, look back upon the history of two centuries and interpret it as the last stage of a long evolutionary process—the process whereby man was transformed from a solitary and predatory individual living in a cave to a social and peaceable member of a single world community. He will see that men, pressed by the struggle for existence, had united themselves into groups under the discipline of laws and conventions, adetermined by their environment and its exactions,

By UPTON SINCLAIR

Author of "Manassas"

whole community, to be shared in by all upon equal terms; but the industrial sovereignty still remains the property of a 'few. A man can no longer be put in jail or taxed by a king, but he can be starved and exploited by a master; his body is now his own, but his labor is another's—and there is very little difference between the two. So immediately there begins a new movement, the end of which is the industrial revolution—the making of capital, that is, of economic opportunity, the property of the entire community, to be shared upon equal terms by all. The next ten years must witness that revolution in the United States, and afterward it will follow swiftly in Australia, Germany, France, Japan, and finally in the more backward nations, such as Spain, Russia, and England. This revolution will, of course, mean the end of war of all sorts, economic as well as political, and it will mark the entering of humanity upon its real task, the spiritual life. life

The men who brought about the former of these revolutions were called "republicans," and the régime which they overthrew they described as "aristocratic." It is needless to point out what were the characteristics of the aristocratic civilization; all intelligent people, and all readers of historical novels in addition, know its essential characteristics

What "Bourgeois" Means

And those who are achieving the second revolution—they are known as "socialists"; and the régime which they are to overthrow they call "bourgeois"; and so we have the origin of our word and a means of understanding exactly what it signifies. It signifies, in a sentence, that type of civilization, of law and convention, which was made necessary by the economic struggle, and which is now maintained by the economic victors for their own comfort and the perpetuation of their power. The literature of any civilization being simply the index and mirror of that civilization, if American literature is bourgeois, it can only be because American life is bourgeois; and if American literature is the most bourgeois that any country has ever known, it can only be because American life is the most bourgeois that any country has ever known. It is this, simply because America is the fly-wheel of the economic world-mill, because it is here that the terrific forces of it have reached their highest intensity; it is here that men are most pressed and molded by them, that the ideals and passions of the industrial battle find their fullest and most vehement expression.

The bourgeoisie, or middle class, is that class which, all over the world, takes the sceptre of power as it falls from the hands of the aristocracy; which has the skill and cunning to survive in the free-for-all combat which follows upon the political revolution. Its dominion is based upon wealth, and hence the determining characteristic of the bourgeois society is its regard for wealth. To it wealth is power, it is the end and goal of things. The aristocrat knew nothing of the possibility of revolution, and so he was bold and gay. The

Reason and the Remedy

bourgeois does know about the possibility of revolution, and so it is that Mrs. Atherton finds that American literature is "timid." She finds it "anamic," simply because the bourgeois ideal knows nothing of the spirit, and tolerates intellectual activity only for the ends of commerce and material welfare. She finds also that it "bows before the fetish of the body," and she is much perplexed by the discovery. She does not seem to understand that the bourgeois represents an achievement of the body, and that all that he knows in the world is body. He is well fed himself, his wife is stout, and his children are fine and vigorous. He lives in a big house, and wears the latest thing in clothes; his civilization furnishes these to every one—at least to every one who amounts to anything; and beyond that he understands nothing—save only the desire to be entertained. It is for entertainment that he buys books, and as entertainment that he regards them; and hence another characteristic of the bourgeois literature is its lack of seriousness. It has a certain kind of seriousness, oi course—the seriousness of a hungry man seeking his dinner; but the seriousness of a hungry man seeking his dinner; but the seriousness of a hungry man seeking his dinner; but the seriousness of a hungry man seeking his dinner; but the seriousness of a hungry man seeking his dinner; but the seriousness of a hungry man seeking his dinner; but the seriousness of a hungry man seeking his dinner; but the seriousness of a hungry man seeking his dinner; but the seriousness of a hungry man seeking his dinner; but the seriousness of a hungry man seeking his dinner; but the seriousness of a hungry man seeking his dinner; but the seriousness of a hungry man seeking his dinner; but the seriousness of a hungry man seeking his dinner; but the seriousness of the artist the bourgeois witer does not know. He will roar you as gently as any sucking dove, he will also wring tears from your eyes or thrill you with terror, according a hundred t

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serious problem among men and women is dismissed, because the social organization enables us to satisfy our passions with the daughters of the poor. Our own daughters know nothing about passion, and we ourselves know it only as an item in our bank accounts. To the bourgeois young lady—the Gibson grrl, as she is otherwise knowm—literary love is a sentiment, ranking with a box of bon-bons, and actual love is a class marriage with an artificially restricted progeny.

These, which have been considered, are the positive and more genial aspects of the bourgeois civilization; the savage and terrible remain to be considered. For it must be understood that this civilization of comfort and respectability furnishes its good things only to a class, and to an exceedingly small class. By means of its control of all economic opportunity this small class is enabled to charge a monopoly price while paying a competitive wage, and thus to skim off the entire surplus product of society for its own use. The majority of mankind it pens up in filthy hovels and tenements, to feed upon husks and rot in misery. This is unpleasant to think of, of course, but it is the way of life, and it is all that the masses are fit for; they are ugly and dirty and vicious, and never can be anything else, and there is nothing to do but keep them in their place. This was once easy, but now it is growing harder—and thus, little by little, the bourgeoise is losing its temper. Just now it is like a fat poodle by a stove—you think it is asleep and venture to touch it, when, quick as a flash, it has put its fangs in you to the bone.

The bourgeois civilization is, in one word, an organized system of repression. In the

asleep and venture to touch it, when, quick as a flash, it has put its fangs in you to the bone.

The bourgeois civilization is, in one word, an organized system of repression. In the physical world it has the police and the militia, the bludgeon, the bullet, and the jail; in the world of ideas it has the political platform, the school, the college, the press, the church—and literature. The bourgeois controls these things precisely as he controls the labor of society, by his control of the purse-strings. Unless proper candidates are named by political parties there are no campaign funds; unless proper teachers and college presidents are chosen there are no endowments. Thus it happens that our students are taught a political economy carefully divorced, not merely from humanity, but also from science, history, and sense; any other kind of political economy the students of more commonly he does not even know that it exists. And it is just the same with the churches and with theology. We have at present established in this land a religion which exists in the name of the world's greatest revolutionist, the founder of the socialist movement; this man denounced the bourgeois and the bourgeois ideal more vehemently than ever it has since been denounced—declaring in plain words that no bourgeois society!

Recognition of Literature

In every civilized land, the main pillar of bourgeois society!

Recognition of Literature— and to the author. The bourgeois recognizes the novelist and the poet as a means of amusement somewhat above the prostitute and about on a level with the music-hall artist; he recognizes the essayist, the historian, and the publicist as agents of bourgeois repression equally as necessary as the clergyman and the editor. To all of them he grants the good things of the bourgeois life, a bourgeois home with servants who know their places, and a bourgeois club with smiling and obsequious waiters. They may even, on state occasions, become acquainted with the bourgeois of the magnates' pudgy wives. There is only one condition, so obvious that it hardly needs to be mentioned—they must be bourgeois, they must see life from the bourgeois point of view. Beyond that there is not the least restriction; the novelist, for instance, may roam the whole of space and time—there is nothing in life that he may not treat, provided only that he be bourgeois in his treatment. He may show us the olden time, with noble dames and gallant gentlemen dallying with graceful sentiment. He may entertain us with pictures of the modern world, may dazzle us with visions of high society in all its splendors, may awe us with the wonders of modern civilization, of steam and electricity, the flying-machine and the automobile. He may thrill us with battle, murder, and Sherlock Holmes. He may bring tears to our eyes at the thought of the old folks at home, or at his pictures of the honesty, humility, and sobriety of the common man; he may even go to the slums and show us the ways of Mrs. Wiggs, her patient frugality and beautiful contentment in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call her. In any of these fields the author, if he is worth his salt, may be "entertaining"—and so the royalties will come in. If there is any one whom this does not suit—who is so perverse that the bourgeois do not please him, or so obstinate that he will not learn to



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Atherton, more ready to accept it as greatness. It was the opinion of Shelley that "poets are the acknowledged legislators of mankind"; in Mrs. Atherton's opinion the "Rulers of Kings" are not poets, nor are they prophets and saints, with their visions and aspirations; they are simply the extra heavy bourseoist. Mrs. Atherton measures the greatness of a man by the standard of the Indian chief—by the number of squaws he has; she knows nothing of the facts of life which make it true that one woman can be more to a man than ten women can possibly be—which simply means that she is not acquainted with the phenomenon of spirituality. Of course, we are not all bourgeois, else we were lost. Many critics have risen up to reply to Mrs. Atherton, and they have named many writers from Whitman on. The main point, however, all these defenders have missed, just as Mrs. Atherton missed the main point in her attack. All her argument would have at once become clear had she understood that what she was attacking was the literature of Capitalism; and all the arguments of her critics would have become clear had she understood that what she was attacking was the literature of Capitalism; and all the arguments of her critics would have become clear had she understood that what she was attacking was the literature of Capitalism; and all the arguments of her critics would have become clear had they only perceived that they were defending the literature of Socialism. Whitmen himself, for instance, would, if he were alive to-day, be stumping the country for the Socialist ticket; all his followers are doing it, without exception, and the same thing is true of the followers of Emerson and Whittier, of Lincoln, Wendell Phillips, and every other freedom-loving man we ever had.

The Socialists of Literature

Lincoln, Wendell Phillips, and every other freedom-loving man we ever had.

The Socialists of Literature

It all comes from the mighty revolution that is gathering its forces, far down in the underworld of the poor. It has been going on for forty or fifty years in Europe, from which Mrs. Atherton writes, and so it is that Europe has a party of righteousness, and a literature that is neither bourgeois nor timid nor anamic—but Socialist. Björnsen, Maeterlinck, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Ibsen, Tolstoy, Zola, Gorky—all these men are Socialists, or in sympathy with Socialism, and becoming more so every day; they can nothelp it, for they see that by no other party can anything be done, and they see that something must be done or the sight of the world will drive them mad. Even Kropotkin, who once carried the red flag and cried out for dynamite, has joined their ranks; even the followers of Neitzsche are doing it—even Mr. Bernard Shaw! And let any one imagine the amount of agony it must have taken to get Mr. Shaw into a political party; but here he is, and pleading for pardon. "We are told," he writes, "that when Jehovah created the world, he saw that it was good. What would he say now?"

The same thing is going on in this country—it is going on rapidly, for what takes a generation in Europe only takes a decade here. Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon, replying to Mrs. Atherton, quotes many authors who are not bourgeois. Bret Harte and Mark Twain were, of course, absurd to mention, for they belong to another era; Bret Harte is dead and Mr. Clemens has not published anything worth reading for long, long years. She names Mr. Howells is a Socialist. She names Mr. Stewart Edward White, and Mr. Owen Wister, Mr. Thompson-Seton, and Mr. Henry Wallace Phillips; I do not know if these gentlemen be Socialists. Others who took part in this debate named the late Frank Norries; I do not know if he was a conscious Socialist, but I do know that in "The Octopus" he wrote a book which furnishes to the Socialist one of his few indispensable campa

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"It is safe to say that it is the ambition of every new writer to 'get into the magazines." ... How can one manage to beat about the bush so long and not get at the central fact—that the "new writer" who has it as his ambition to "get into the magazines" is simply out of place in a discussion of literature? Is there any magazine now published in the world for the sake of literature—which has any more relation to literature than it has to cigars and soap? Speaking not figuratively nor jestingly, but the simple fact—what is a magazine to-day but a means of enabling the exploiters of cigars and soap to make known their wares to their customers? To do this, of course, the magazine has to have readers, and to get the readers it publishes a mass of reading matter: but what possible relationship has this reading matter to literature? What possible meeting-ground is there between literature and the tastes of a cigar and soap-buying public?

These things are deplorable, of course, and men with conscience, magazine editors among them, battle against them bravely, but only to fail and either give up or else sink into obscurity. They fail and they must fail forever; it is intended by Nature that they should fail, just as it intended that our political reformers should fail, that our tenement-house reformers, our stage reformers, our labor-conclistors, should all go down beneath the juggernaut of the bourgeoiste. The point is that we have now a system of society which makes wage-slaves of the vast mass of humanity, and shuts them out forever from all hope of sharing in civilization, progress, and light; and the failure of all our efforts at reform, of all our dreams of joy and beauty,



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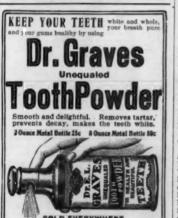
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is simply the justice of Nature, the vengeance of this down-trodden class.

"Follow the chain of the slave," said Emerson, "and you will find the other end upon the wrist of the master." So it is to-day, and so it will be forever; there can be no haven of refuge and no Palace of Art for any one—only strife and failure for all—until the fact of human brotherhood is granted, until the truth has been pounded into our sluggish minds, that there can be no soul-life for any man until it is for all, that there can be among us neither political virtue, nor social refit. ment, nor true religion, nor vital art, so long as men, women, and little children are chained up to toll for us in mines and factories and sweatshops, are penned in filtly slums, and fed upon offal, and doomed to rot and perish in soul-sickening misery and horror. We have now reached a state to-day when it is possible to say in the words of John Tanner, Member of the filde Rich Class, that "any person under the age of thirty, who, having any knowledge of the existing social order, is not a revolutionist, is an inferior." And if we are inferiors, what have we to do with art? How can we be expected to produce art—how to understand art? So long as we are without heart, so long as we are without even a mind—pray, in the name of Heaven, why should any one think it worth while to be troubled because we are without a literature?

"IF YOUTH BUT KNEW!"

"IF YOUTH BUT KNEW!"

(Continued from page 19)

A door crashed behind her. She started from his timid hand. The thread of the music was broken like a floating gossamer. Steven thought that the Fiddler laughed. There was a faint exclamation. . My God, did she also laugh?

He saw—yes, he saw the Inspector's hated outline over hers. She was drawn from the window by the shoulders, the shutters were clapped to in his face and bolted noisily. The yard billowed under his feet. All went red before his eyes. That was her room, and the man had followed her to it! Had he no youth in him, no blood in his veins? . Why, he could taste it on his tongue! He pivoted round upon himself, made a blind rush for the entrance door and dashed headlong against Ranger Schmidt's broad chest. A French oath rang out, then the broken German: "Can he not see where he is going?" Then, in the dark, the Fiddler laughed again—or was it his music?—or were there lurking devils, taunting, jeering, inciting? The young man never knew exactly what happened, till a crack like a pistol-shot rang out into the night, and he realized that his hand had found the great insolent face at last. The sound of that slap cleared the confusion in his own brain, as a puff of wind clears a hanging mist. Schmidt roared like a furious bull, but. Steven met the onslaught of the uplifted whip with the science learned in London of Gentleman Jackson. And there was a grip on either side which began for him in glorious defiance and ended in a struggle of life and death.

And the Fiddler worked his bow like one possessed. It was the fiercest song of fight that now rose ever shriller, louder, and faster, up toward the placid sky. The air was thick with the curses, blue with the profanity of Forester Schmidt. But Steven wrestled like a gentleman, in silence. To his dying day he maintained that he was getting the better of the hulking bully, when his heel caught an upstanding root and he fell with a crash, his opponent on top of him. There was a moment's agony of suffocation—the

double-quick time to the lilt of an extraordinarily joyous little tune.

Steven opened heavy eyes, and stared
vacantly at the creeping light, indigo between the wisps of yellow straw; at the
large square of shimmering mists and flickering leaves where the barn-door stood open to
the dawn. He turned his head and found
that it lay on a fragrant linen pillow, and that
it ached vaguely in spite of this luxury.
A vulgar, cheery, absurd tune was dancing
in his brain. Then he found within his range
of vision the figure of a man sitting crosslegged, putting a fresh string to a fiddle.
And memory came back slowly.
"It was the fault of the music, you know,"
he said.
Fiddle-Hans shot a look at him from under
his quizzical eyebrows.
"You never got that kiss in after all!"
"Ah, but I got my slap in—!"
The young man sat up, quite inspirited by
the recollection, and found that, with the exception of a slight disziness and stiffness,
there was nothing much amiss with him.
"But some one-very nearly got his knife
into you—" said Fiddle-Hans dryly, "and
there would have been an end of learning to
be young. Nevertheless you have capabilities... yes, some capabilities," he wound
up his string, twanged it, and nodded over it.
"You were stunned by the fall," said he,
with that brute on the top of you. "Twas
fortunate for you that I caught his hand at
the right moment. And thereupon the little
man ran out screaming: 'No bloodshed,
d'Albignaci' Tis his one good point—he is
merciful of life."

"The little man?... d'Albignac?" Steven
echoed the words in wonder.
"You measured his cheek charmingly—I
mean d'Albignac's, "said the Fiddler, "we
two might do great things together yet.
Ay, that was the d'Albignac, Chouan, renegade: now Grand-Veneur ... and Great
Pandar ... to bis Majesty of Westphalia."
"Majesty—? ... King Jerome!"



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"Did you think," said Fiddle-Hans compassionately, "that Meyer and Schmidt were usual names for Frenchmen? Why, the incognito would not have deceived a cat—"

The dawn was growing softly outside, but there was sudden vivid light in Steven's brain. "Then, then," he stammered, struggling to his feet, "the lady."

"The lady, my poor young friend, is naught but a little dancing girl from Genoa, whom that wise and great man the Emperor Napoleon sent two emissaries to remove from her charming apartments in 'Napoleon's Hôhe,' where her presence conduced neither to the King's dignity—nor to the Queen's. The great Napoleon is mighty particular about her Westphaliam Majesty's dignity. Our ardent little sovereign, however, determined to snatch a last meeting."

"O Lord!" said Steven, and passed his hand across his mouth as if the shadow of the yearned-for kiss polluted it.

"And so that Meyer fellow is—?"
"Our little brother Jerome . . . yes."
The Fiddler lifted a sweet worn voice, while his bow danced lightly on the string, nd chanted to the absurd lilt:

"Nous allons chercher un royaume Pour not' p'tit frere Jerome. . .

Twas the song of the soldiers before Jena." he explained. "Sapristi, a taking ragamufin tune! When our friends last night heard it, comrade, they took to their heels."

And as Steven stared with ever increased hing to the street of the stre



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ANOTHER PASS AND AN ARTILLERY DUEL

To-day, for the first time in the five months' campaign of this army, the fact that Ivan Ivanovitch is a big burly man and Nippon Denji is a little man unmistakably counted in the Russian's favor.

If Ivan has big boots, big stretchers, big blankets, big commissary and hospital wagnons, and big horses, he also has big guns. With the Japanese his artillery has been sacrificed to the size of the horses. His gun is small, like everything else about his army. It is of an old pattern, the range is a thousand yards less than the enemy's, the shell three pounds lighter, the muzzle velocity three hundred feet less a second, and it can fire only one shot where the Russian gun fires two or three. Nippon Denji had led the world to a false conclusion by the way in which he used a poor weapon. But on the jast he was not against such clumsy adversaries as those who made their guns the sport of disaster at the Yalu. Instead, he was against European trained men of that arm of the service which calls the best of the thin upper-crust of Russian intelligence for its officers.

As a hydrant commands a street crossing,

against European trained men of that arm of the service which calls the best of the thin upper-crust of Russian intelligence for its officers.

As a hydrant commands a street crossing, so the skyline battery commanded the mouth of the valley from which the central column of the left division debouched at dawn. In confidence the gunners, who had plotted every distance within range, waited for their target to appear. One of the Japanese batteries took up a position on a ridge. From the bottom of the valley it was as obscured as a man in the middle of a flat roof from the street; from the Russian hilltops it was as plain as the man on the flat roof from an adjoining skyscraper. When that Japanese battery fired, the skyline battery turned on the switchboard of destruction. One, two, three, four, went the screaming answers back over the fields of millet and corn, the groves and gullies, to their mark. With the first discharge they were shooting as accurately as the even quality of fuses and powder—the exactitude of chemical processes and angles—would permit. Without harm to themselves they could keep up the stream as long as they had ammunition. The Japanese battery was a battery with its hands tied against a giant with free and militant fists. The Japanese gunners had a new experience. The skyline battery proved the overwhelming power of artillery when there is no adversary to take the venom out of its sting.

Work of the Skyline Battery

For our guns there was only one thing to do. Japanese courage does not bootlessly stick its head into the cannon's mouth; it is a quantity most skilfully used. So our guns ceased firing till they should have a better position and a clearer field. The skyline battery not only silenced them, but it was the main compelling force, I judge, in making the news that rumor brought us at the conical hill. The fire of the left had died down at 9:30, and then we heard that the central column of the left division had been checked. The "bag" seemed in danger. It was the turn of the central division to carry out its part.

Part.

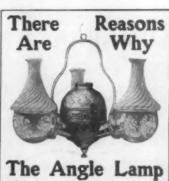
While the left fought we had watched the positions of our own reserves on the nearest ridge and scanned the Russian heights in vain for a sight of a single infantryman. On the Kansuiten Valley ridge was one of the central division batteries. This was approached by a gully leading from the valley of Towan. The slaty color of ammunition wagons choked this gully at a point just beneath the crest. Officers and gunners had been loitering about at pienic ease. At tenthe most cheerful moment of the day for them—the Russian batteries began searching the valley of Kansuiten and the Japanese ridge overlooking it. We saw the gunners taking their places in the Japanese battery. A few minutes later they let go. They had a few rounds of almost uninterrupted service while the enemy located their guns.

Then a battery high up on the Russian right took a hand. The figures which still loitered back of the Japanese battery did not seem much discomposed. They were at least taking their time to reach cover. But suddenly blue puft balls were blown out in every direction. From our safe position they were pretty to look at; their significance assaulted our ears when we heard the shrill flight of their projectiles. The figures disappeared as quickly as a colony of prairie dogs which had been sunning themselves. While the left fought we had watched the

The Russians Score One

Into the guns, over the guns, this side of the guns, in nice spraying distance beyond the guns, pointing about (the bull's-eye like the hits of a good marksman on a paper target), with bursts above and spouts of earth beneath, the fifteen-pound monsters with their quarts of spreading bullets came. "A little wire!" ran the comments of the spectators, all intent on the game and not thinking of life and death, flut it was life and death, however, that lent the game its spirit.) We saw units dodging up and down to fire and that was all. But to fire was to draw more fire—fire that we could not adequately return. The thing was to move up and get a better hold on these long-range, rapid-firing adversaries. Our battery became silent. Receiving no reply, the Russians stopped. This round, so far as the guns went, had been decided in the Russians' favor, I think.

At 2:30 our guns broke out with fresh energy. Those of the ridge battery, having moved nearer, could now pay back their old assailant in coin of kind. One of its pieces spoke harshly, like an orator who had overused his throat. Smoke rings hung on the hillsides like thistle blows caught by an up-



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ward zephyr. There was now no bad shooting except from—from none other than the uniapproachable skyline battery which swung, its muzzles around to play on the right. One, two, three, four, its shells burst four of five hundred feet above the line of the ridge and over the valley of Kansuiten, which the ridge hid from our eyes.

Directly we learned its object and the cause of the outburst of all the guns on both sides to their full capacity. Through the corn and millet of the slopes approaching the Russian position on the right we caught the movement of the Japanese infantry.

The irregular terrain which had profited the skyline battery now made it the sport of its own satire. Its target was invisible to its gunners. It was firing by estimate in a position where the signals of results could not be easily received. The rapidity of the bursts still told that same tale of the slowness of the antiquated Japanese guns. But the faster the fire the better for the morale of the Japahese. Meanwhile, the Russian "saddle" battery was receiving more than it could return. The flashes from its muzzles were becoming infrequent. One imagined that each shot might be its death gasp. Seeing their mandown, the Japanese increased their fire. Ten shrapnel to one that was sent were burst over the position.

The End of the Battle

When the loud mouths spoke again, the infantry of the central division, with the cool of the evening at hand, was ready for the final act. Every Japanese gun was in action. We could still see our reserves on the slopes at the right. The advance line which had taken one trench must now be almost under the guns—hidden from our view, and the Russians' perhaps, as well, by fields of grain.

What are our Japanese men going to do when they no longer have hills to screen the sudden fank movements of their agile, tireless limbs? has often been asked. The answer is the kowliang, and, when not kowliang, Indian corn, which is also plentiful in Manchuria. We had an object lesson to-day. All through the fight, with increasing curiosity, we had noticed (past the gully which led to the ridge battery) an artillery ammunition train hugging the cover of a bend in the valley. It seemed as unattached in this action as if it were lost, strayed, or stolen. All through the fight we heard the reports of a Japanese battery—whose cough-cough-cough told the hill gazers it was on low ground—which we tried in vain to locate.

It was in the kowliang back of the knoll over which we had just seen the battalion which supported it pass to the charge. The perfect concealment not only included the men and guns, but the flashes themselves, which broke under the cover of green leaves. You, gunners of the skyline battery, so triumphant in the morning, it will be more gall to you to know that your fairest mark you never saw at all! These pieces in range of twenty Russian guns were as unmolested as you on your eminence, and their deceit made the sport of their staire have a finer edge than yours! Need I say again that the Japanese never wait on the enemy, but go to him—which is the first instinct with a martial race? Need I enlarge on the nerve of that artillery commander who serencely took his battery into that position? It is by such nerve that victories are won.

Saking Account of the Victory

Saking Account of the Victory

battery into that position? It is by such nerve that victories are won.

Gaking Account of the Victory

On the night of the 31st the Russians retreated. On the happy morning of August it we knew that we should not have again to ride over the stony ascents of Motien Pass, only to descend as we had come. We were going over the field from which the enemy had fled, to judge in the felicitous hour of victory the manner of his going. To a soldier this hour is like the morning after the girl of his heart has accepted his proposal. Now, the tower of Towan is a fine piece of old Chinese architecture. As a tourist I might walk ten miles to see it; I might spend an hour in looking it over—but not when a battle had raged in the neighborhood. On Monday morning last it was purely a symbol of the joy of possession, and no drawing card at all compared to a battery of dummy guns, with which one lieutenant-general had tried to befool another. On the rise where the tower stands, logs of wood pointing over a parapet rested on the wheels of Chinese carts. From the General Staff in St. Petersburg to this Chinese trick is a sublime step. Heads set with slant eyes are not so easily deceived. In the South African War the Boers used to dig a conspicuous false trench which the British would shell splendidly while the targets in another—a concealed trench—grinned and plied their rifles in security till they were found out. The real battery was on the wooded knoll on the other side of the valley. If the Japanese had fired at the dummy battery instead of at this, the joke would have been on them. As it was, the biter was bitten with the most savage satire.

Five or six hundred yards from the tower lay the proof of slant-eyed perspicacity and accuracy. The dark thing with horses attached we had seen through our glasses on the previous evening shoot down the side hill and ston like a toboggan against a stone wall had been a field gun in flight with the limber and lay where they had fallen. The carriage rested on one wheel, with the gun we



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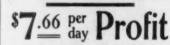
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which meant the loss of a gun. With half a team and a weakened complement the Russians tried to escape. The regular artillery road continued through the woods for some distance. But one of the escaping guns, from a lack of control over the teams or from the demoralization of the drivers, who evidently thought that they were shortening the distance, bolted down into the valley by a side road. One, as we saw by the wheel tracks, went on. The other could not make the turn. The lack of horses or of drivers or the fright of both from a shell made them try to turn at right angles. Men and horses, caisson and gun, went over in a tangle. Perhaps already the whisper of pursuing bullets was in the ears of the gunners, who got to their feet after the shock. (A dozen men, unfluttered by danger, as we learned the next day, were unequal to righting the gun.) There was only one thing for the Russians to do, and that was to take the gun breech and run. This they did. If they had not lost their heads and had kept on by the regular artillery road, they would have escaped. This the Japanese would have done. There lies the difference in the intelligence and the ability of the units of the two armies, which every engagement emphasizes.

On up the valley where the Russian encampments had been yesterday the Japanese troops were settling down in that fashion of order and cleanliness which lends even the common soldier a certain æstheticism. In the houses and the shelters they had come into a legacy of swarms of flies and the filth which breeds them.

From their new camps the little men of Japan look up at the earth-colored tracery of artillery roads, adjusted with the same easy angles to a retreating gun and limber with its six-horse team as the curves of a railroad track to a train. The longest of these leads to that skyline battery which, on the 1st, had in a few hours, from a contemptuous altitude, made the futility of others supremely ridiculous and had its a futility made supremely ridiculous in turn. Situated safely out of range

A Splendid Position

the terraced heights in the form of a triangle.

A Splendid Pesition

The road to the skyline battery spoke a volume of praise to some engineer. It held any soldier's admiration. It was proof enough of the academic capacity—the book preparation—of the higher branches of the European Russian army; a thing apart from the verve, the unitiative which makes counter-attack the first premise of holding a defensive position. I can imagine this engineer's exasperation should he have seen the utter lack of proper trenches and roads at the Yalu, where vegetating Siberian garrisons, dreamily neglectful of the old-fashioned formulæ they had learned at school, went out Xerxes-like in their contempt for their enemy, to meet with a surprise as overwhelming to senility and adipose as the absconding of the old confidential clerk to an old merchant. From the skyline battery all the Japanese positions from the Russian viewpoint of the just are revealed. Where the Yangtsu Pass crosses the second range, the heights project in an elbow that on its angles sinks by slopes into an enveloping valley, which opens into a valley at the right and a valley at the left. Attacking infantry must cross the levels—there was the rub—but once it was on the slopes the heights formed a tangent. Nature made the position for guns to delay the progress of a superior force.

From the parapet, those who had been with our right division the day before, pointed out the abruptly descending gap through which the central column of the left Japanese column had debouched in the hope of getting on the flank and rear of the Russians. But the skyline battery had the "drop" on the batteries of the central force of the left column and on all its infantry. All day a part of the Japanese line lay within two hundred yards of the Russians. If Nippon Denji put up his head, Ivan Ivanovitch let a dozen bullets go. Nippon Denji is always ready to charge if you give him the word. But here the Russian had a grip of his hill, and he shot in a way that showed his disposition

A Rain of Shell and Shrapnel

A Rain of Shell and Shrapnel

As I have said, the fine edge of Japanese courage is skilfully handled. So at nightfall these two lines were still hugging the crests of two ridges with the forbidding and steep valley between them. Then the pressure of the infantry of the right column or rather the central column of the army as a whole, the right column being engaged in a topographically separate movement—forced the Russian line to give way.

Below the skyline battery, in the lap between two crests of another ridge, was the "saddle" battery. The difference between the two was that of the scene of peaceful target practice and an extinct inferno. If you wish to see what shell-fire may do, I commend you to the "saddle" battery. You may pick up shrapnel bullets on the road as you would pebbles. Within a circle whose diameter was not ten feet I counted six empty Japanese shell cases where they had fallen.

Common shells had burrowed the earth like prairie dogs the plain. There were moments, as we watchers knew, when explosions were almost as frequent as the ticks of a watch. The swaths of scattered missiles and of holes mapped the accurate line shooting of the opposing batteries on the plain. The Japa-

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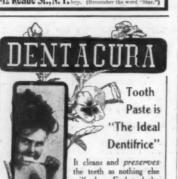
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nese seemed to say, "We will make you stop any way." They brought their guns closer; they concentrated all available power of destruction on one point as they did at the Yalu. In the actual gun positions themselves the common shells had burrowed right and left and under the guns. Lay your hand down on the parapet and a shrapnel bullet was under it. Seventy-five yards below on the slope was the finest victim of Japanese accuracy that the war has yet brought forth; for gun had destroyed gun. One of the spokes of the carriage lay where it had fallen in the emplacement when it was struck. How the wreck came to the position it occupied the Russians must explain. The breech-block lay by the overturned piece, which bore the date of 1903, and must have only lately come from the arsenal. In the chamber was an unexploded shell just as the gallant gunner had thrust it home when the fatal blow came.

But the Russians had paid a far greater price than this in tribute to the Japanese determination, which redeems, by the way they use it, the inferiority of their artillery. Report tells us that here General Keller received his mortal wound. A shrapnel bullet in the hip for a favorite commander in this hell where Russian courage stood undaunted may well make a story which will ring through hero-worshiping mediæval Russia. He could see well here, though not as well as in the skyline battery. If his staff were with him, he exposed the very spinal cord of his force. Meanwhile, the Japanese general—he of a race that only a half-century ago fought with swords in battle, where the leader must lead with his own fencing arm—sat in safety, his staff around him, in touch with all his units, remedying errors and meeting situations as they appeared.

Keller was a heroic spectator, but not a modern commander. While he looked on, one of his batteries, for lack of information—for the lack of the closely knit nervous system of intelligence—was wasting its shrapnel. He was simply a magnificent personality, and nowaday's personalities win decora

Sultan of Sulu Wants a Pension

WHEN the Sultan of Sultu was notified some two months ago by Major-General Leonard A. Wood, C. S. A., Governor of the More Province, that President Roosevelt had abrogated the Bates Agreement, thus cutting off all of the revenues he had been deriving from the United States Government, the Sultan asked General Wood to send him to Mania to enable him to confer with the Civil Governor of the islands with a view to securing a pension from the Philippine Government that would enable him to maintain his royal establishment in the walled city of Jol as it has been in the past, and incidentally to make a final settlement with the Government under the Bates Agreement.

ment with the Government under the Bates Agreement.

The Sultan and his staff went to Manila under the guidance of Major Hugh L. Scott, U. S. A., Governor of the Sult District of the Moro Province, whose headquarters are in Jolo, and that officer is included in the photograph on page 13. Major Scott is the cavalry officer who was treacherously betrayed into the hands of a band of renegade Moros, in the latter part of 1903, during an uprising of the fanatical Mohammedans on the Island of Jolo. He was shot through both hands by Hassan's men and crippled tor life. On account of his excellent field work against the Moros, Major Scott has been recommended to the President for a brigadier-generalship by General Wood. Datto Hassan was killed by Wood's troops shortly after the attempt to assassinate Major Scott.

During a conference with Governor Wright

for a brigadier-generalship by General Wood. Datto Hassan was killed by Wood's troops shortly after the attempt to assassinate Major Scott.

During a conference with Governor Wright the Sultan proposed that the Philippine Government give him an annual pension larger than that paid to the Sultan of Jahore, his personal and intimate friend, by the British Government of the Straits Settlements, which, esaid, is \$12,000. The Sultan explained that as the United States "is a much wealthier country than England, I think its liberality should be proportionately larger." He said the pension he was drawing from the British Government for their concessions in Borneoan waters, coupled with a substantial bounty from the Philippine Government along the lines be had indicated, would make him very comfortable. Governor Wright has not yet taken any action on this claim.

The Sultan and his official family remained in Manila about two weeks, and during that time they were elaborately entertained by high military and civil officials. They returned to Jolo loaded down with valuable gitts from the Civil Governor and other members of the Philippine Commission to themselves and families, in addition to which the Commission made the party a present of 5,000 conant pesos, appropriated out of the public funds, with which they purchased many other presents for their wives and children.

Datto Schuck, shown in the photograph, is a German, and a number of years ago was married to the eldest favorite daughter of the Sultan. Aside from his parentage, Schuck is a thorough Moro.

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